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Book: A LONG WAY FROM BOSTON
Two Girls and a Jaloppy

WHAT IT COSTS RUSSIANS TO LIVE
BY H. E. SALISBURY

When your guests arrive
"From Two to Five"
With greetings warm and merry
Your very best bet
Is to see that they get
A "Thompson" Tom and Jerry!

Allan Clark

What to open for "open house"

Old Thompson makes a better Tom and Jerry because it's blended by Glenmore in Kentucky. These days, that means a lot! It means that there is the pride of product of an old family distillery in every drop, the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky in every sip.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

A Glenmore Product

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Back Again!

Good News for Light-Truck Owners

YES, back again! The one, the only, the original STOP-START Airwheel — the most spectacular mileage tire made for light trucks.

Wartime restrictions on its manufacture have been lifted. So it's back again -- a better, tougher tire than ever.

It's back with its extra-thick tread and extra-thick non-skid. It's back with a body of rayon — a body that makes it stronger, cooler running, more heat- and bruise-resisting than ever — a body specially engineered to take its thicker, longer-lasting tread.

Small trucks need truck tires to do a truck's work. And small trucks in grueling pick-up and delivery service, where constant stopping and starting grind away treads excessively, need the STOP-START with its extra tread, extra mileage, extra-low-cost per mile.

You pay a little more. But you save far more than you pay. Let your Goodyear dealer show you how the STOP-START Truck Airwheel can lower your tire costs.

GOODYEAR
SUPER-SWEAT
HAVE YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER SHOW YOU THE DIFFERENCE
PASSENGER TIRE
STOP-START TRUCK AIRWHEEL
1
2
3
4
5
6
1. Wider, far thicker tread. 2. Deeper, heavier undertread. 3. Deep-cut notches insure non-skid traction even when center tread is worn smooth. 4. Six or more plies of heat-resisting rayon cord provide super strength and stamina. 5. Extra-heavy sidewalls. 6. Reinforced beads.

Goodyear's Sensational STOP-START TRUCK AIRWHEEL

— and better than ever before

Airwheel—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Chairside Charm

Radio-Phonograph with Pull-out Automatic Record Changer

HOWARD RADIO

Noted for tone

Famed for Performance and Value

HOWARD RADIO COMPANY

CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

America's Oldest Radio Manufacturer

THE WORLD TODAY IN FACT AND FICTION

This Week's Liberty

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

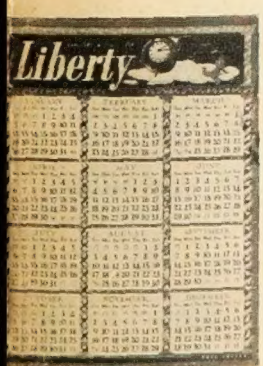
...DERLUST

CRAWFORD SULLIVAN was in the middle of a classroom lecture when the wanderlust struck him for the first time. So he persuaded the skipper of a merchant ship to sign him on as wiper. Several ...rips later, he came back to dry land in ...alifornia to finish his education at Stan...rd University and to write advertising ...y, radio scripts, and fiction. Then he ...hipped out again—to the Fiji Islands. His ...xperiences while living there add up to a ...ealth of background material for short ...tories like NATIVE SHREWDNESS on page ...4. Mr. Sullivan is now married and has ...ettled down to his typewriter, his six-year-...ld son, and an obstinate English bulldog. ...Whenever the wanderlust threatens, he ...digs out his tackle and goes fishing.

...IPE LINE TO NEWS

A COLLEGE inci...dent also launched Harrison E. Salis...bury. In the middle ...f his senior year at ...he University of Minnesota he was ...emporarily sus...pended for his over...enthusiastic editorial ...crusading against ...administrative policies. So he signed up ...with United Press. That was over sixteen ...years ago. Now he literally has the news ...of the world at his fingertips, for he's for...eign news editor for UP. What's more, he's ...covered most of the globe in person: on a ...0,000-mile tour of every theater of war, as ...chief of the London Bureau, and during ...several eye-opening months in Moscow. ...He's in the spot to know WHAT IT COSTS ...RUSSIANS TO LIVE. (See Page 12.)

NEXT WEEK



IN a first-hand report from the streets of inflation-mad Budapest, Leland Stowe tells why ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN HUNGARY. . . . Who's got a cure for arthritis? Everybody but the doctor, says Noel C. Cobb in TAKE A PIECE ...F RED STRING. . . . James Aswell starts ...a two-part adventure story about a run...away bride in New Orleans. . . . Liberty's ...book Condensation, NIGHTMARE ALLEY, ...by William Lindsay Gresham, is a tale of ...love and betrayal in a spiritualism racket.

# of SAFE RIDING

Automobiles roll best when the laws of car-care are followed. These include tire care. Here are some suggestions on "Tire Care":

A lways protect yourse f with the staunch foundation of sound TIRES on your car. Tires that have safety and service inbuilt . . . that have proved their *roadability.* (See L)

B e sure your tires are correctly sized for your car and *properly mounted.* And take special pains to see that wheels are *balanced* and carefully aligned . . . no "shimmy" to shorten tire life.

C heck the air pressure regularly and carry the right pressure for the weight of car and load. Too much air, or not enough, will shorten tire life rapidly. Remember that speeding takes a heavy toll. Treads wear off three times as fast at 50 miles per hour as at 30. Thousands of miles lost!

L EE DeLuxe tires, sound and sure, have provided a "safe foundation" in all-roads performance for almost 40 years. Their big, broad treads give superior *road-grip.* Their stout sidewalls give a sturdy, comfortable resilience. You'll collect extra year-round dividends in motoring peace-of-mind by using safe-riding LEE DeLuxe tires.

LEE Deluxe-Life Balloon Cord

Replace with LEE of Conshohocken TIRES

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

CONSHOHOCKEN PA., U.S.A.

Republic Rubber Division . . . Industrial Rubber Products . . . Youngstown, Ohio

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

MAN-MADE RESTRICTIONS

GROSSE POINTE, MICH.—In Charles Bonner's short story, Swords of Grass (November 16), the heroine finally reasons that, although sixty-eight per cent of the girls of her age have affairs, she will "wait for the one guy." How ridiculous! Is the one guy going to repress his natural desires and wait for the one girl? Never! That instinct, second only to self-preservation, was given to us by

Mother Nature to be freely expressed and enjoyed without man-made restrictions.—*William P. Wilkins.*

A typical male viewpoint, in our opinion. But how many gals feel this way?—VOX POP EDITOR.

HOW TO DO

WESTFIELD, MASS.—I find that after reading Liberty for quite some time, I'd like to compliment you on articles like How to Buy a Radio, by Marlen E. Pew, Jr. (November 9); Look Before You Eat, by Harry Edward Neal (June 15); How to Give Money Away, by Albert Q. Maisel (July 13); and many others. They not only help to make a person look twice before leaping, but they also help him to realize how large a percentage of frauds, gangsters, and opportunists are operating in every possible field.—*Mrs. William E. Rabideau.*

WINNING COMBINATION

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Now is the time to look ahead to the next big elections, when the leaders of our government will be chosen. I say Dewey and Earl Warren for President and Vice-President in 1948. That is the winning combination for the Republican Party in the next campaign.—*R. F. Williams.*

RADIO CONTROL

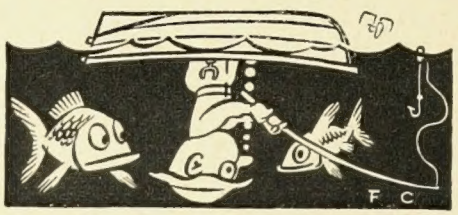
COLUMBUS, MO.—In How to Buy a Radio (November 9), Marlen E. Pew, Jr., states: "You don't have to be a technical expert—but you don't have to be a sucker, either." Ha-ha! Pardon my snicker, please. But you can't get the facts from the store salesman when you don't know what you're talking about.—*W. F. Gish.*

MIDDLEMAN

RAPID CITY, S. D.—Perle Palmer's idea (Vox Pop, November 2) of eliminating the so-called middleman (salesmen, buyers, demonstrators, etc.) is one of the most mistaken ideas as well as one of the most talked about. If it were not for the so-called middleman, Perle in Indiana would not be eating oranges from California, bananas from Central America, spices from the Dutch East Indies. Instead he would probably be packing his produce to a local market on a burro or on his back.—*H. W. Cordes.*

STAND UP AND SWIM

SAN GABRIEL, CALIF.—Mrs. D. Mort of Tacoma, Washington (Vox Pop, November 9), insists that



there's nothing wrong with standing up in a boat when casting for fish.

Minnesota fish bite in any position too. They also swim. So, I hope, do any Washingtonians who stand up in boats.—*Clione Perier.*

SLEEP MAKING

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I was much interested in Albert Q. Maisel's article, How to Fall Asleep (November 2). I have passed through everything from sleepless nights to loss of memory, until finally I considered, Why not stop thinking? Immediately I began to try. It was difficult at first, but I continued and found the answer. I now can make my mind a total blank and go right to sleep. —*A. M. Arnold.*

DENMARK, IA.—Here's the perfect curative recipe for insomnia. Take a deep full breath, hold as long as you can, letting it escape as slowly as possible. Repeat until you are asleep, which will be soon.—*Mrs. A. C. Humphrey.*

Wanna bet?—VOX POP EDITOR.

TOO NICE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I was amazed at the article, Is Scandal Brewing in Germany? by Senator Owen Brewster (November 9). I was in Germany all through 1945, and I visited

in twenty-seven towns and cities. I wanted to see all I could, and did not miss much. I did not see one instance of "shoddy conduct" against the Germans. In fact, I felt sore at the nice way our men *did* treat them.—*George Bleasdale.*

VERSAILLES AGAIN?

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Following World War I, new Alsace-Lorraines, such as the Polish Corridor, were created by the Versailles Treaty. Today the Allies are not simply repeating the mistakes of Versailles; they are compounding them. East Prussia and the Saar Basin must not be taken away from Germany, because they have always been German and nothing but German. If this territory is removed from Germany, it is only natural that when Germany is strong again she will demand the return of her former territory. And that may be the starting point of another World War.—*Franklin P. Hummel.*

AUTRY RIDES AGAIN

ERIE, PA.—How could you overlook a guy as chockful of personality and showmanship as Gene Autry? Other stars are snapped while making their first picture since their return from the service. Gene has made *two* and still no pictures.

We didn't forget Gene while he was in the army, and now that he's back we want to see him in the magazines.—*Jeanne Harrity.*

FILLS THE BILL

REDWOOD CITY, CALIF.—The Undying Gratitude of Bigfoot Foster, by Samuel W. Taylor (November 16), comes as near to filling the bill for a perfect short story as I've ever seen.—*Russell Karns.*

FURS Can Fool You

Beauty in a fur coat needs to be skin deep if you are to get your money's worth

BY D. E. WHEELER

EMIL HERMAN PHOTO

This woman demanded to have the lining opened so she could see whether a caracul coat was made of whole pelts or cheap scraps.

UNDOUBTEDLY, the majority of intelligent women know more about the furs they are buying today than ever before, but even the shrewdest of them can be fooled. As an instance, a smart young woman, who knew her way round the best shops in New York, came up with what appeared to be the greatest bargain in a caracul coat for $475. But she hadn't worn it a dozen times before she noticed tiny rips in its surface and the fur beginning to wear off the edges of the cuffs.

Opening the seams of the garment showed that it had not been made of caracul skins, as such, but from small cuttings of the pelts sewn together none too skillfully. This "mosaic" work is not uncommon in the manufacture of fur coats, particularly in caracul, Alaska and Hudson seal, raccoon, rabbit, and even in mink, when bits from the leg or gills are used. It is a legitimate operation, but a reliable furrier will explain the process to his customer, and of course charge less. The smart girl who had paid $475 for that caracul coat had been overcharged about $350.

It is well to remember that if a prospective purchaser has any doubts concerning a garment of the kind, she has every right to request that the lining seams be opened to see if it has the crisscross patchwork-quilt effect that is virtually impossible to detect from the outside.

But not even an expert can know all there is to know about furs. There are subtleties in the finished product of mink, for example, that may deceive the expert eye, so what chance has the ordinary buyer against fraudulent practice?

The only true mink, as fur is judged in America, is the skin of the Canadian and our native mink. The finest specimens are known in the trade as Eastern. The term "dyed mink" might make the average woman doubt its value, but she would be wrong. "Blending," the word used by furriers for dyeing after skins have been selected and matched, is actually an improvement on nature. Most mink garments are now blended, and they wear as well as the real Easterns.

While Russian sables and chinchillas are out of reach of the average pocketbook, Hudson Bay sables, derived from the North American and Canadian marten, are not unworthy of the glamorous name of sables. The fur is a beautiful lustrous dark brown. In connection with this most desirable of furs, it is said that practically every woman would love to own a real Russian sable, and a racket has grown out of this feminine desire. So, ladies, beware of masquerading sailors who may come to the door with a yarn of smuggling Russian sable skins and being forced by hard luck to sell them for a song. What they are offering is dyed fitch or kolinsky, and what they are asking is many times what such furs are worth.

A favorite fur with women who cannot afford chinchilla, sable, or mink is Alaska seal. In buying an Alaskan sealskin be sure to look for the government stamp, an arrowhead, on the skin. Prices vary, of course, with the size and perfection of the skin.

Like the Alaskan seal, Johnny Muskrat, out of whose pelt is made the wonderful imitation called Hudson seal, is a native American. Muskrat "in the natural," without being transformed into Hudson seal, is a fur possessing a high degree of warmth and durability, and the northern variety gives three distinctive shades—darkest brown, golden, and silver. "Johnny" grows that-a-way. To add to his infinite variety, there is a black muskrat too.

Scarcer than his common brothers, he has a higher market value. If a dealer offered to show the average woman a *black* muskrat, she would think he was pulling a fast one for a higher price, so this fact is useful to know.

Which brings to mind the furriers' classic story of feminine doubt.

It was the young lady's first fur coat.

"Are you sure it will wear well?" she asked the salesman for the fiftieth time.

"Like iron," repeated the salesman.

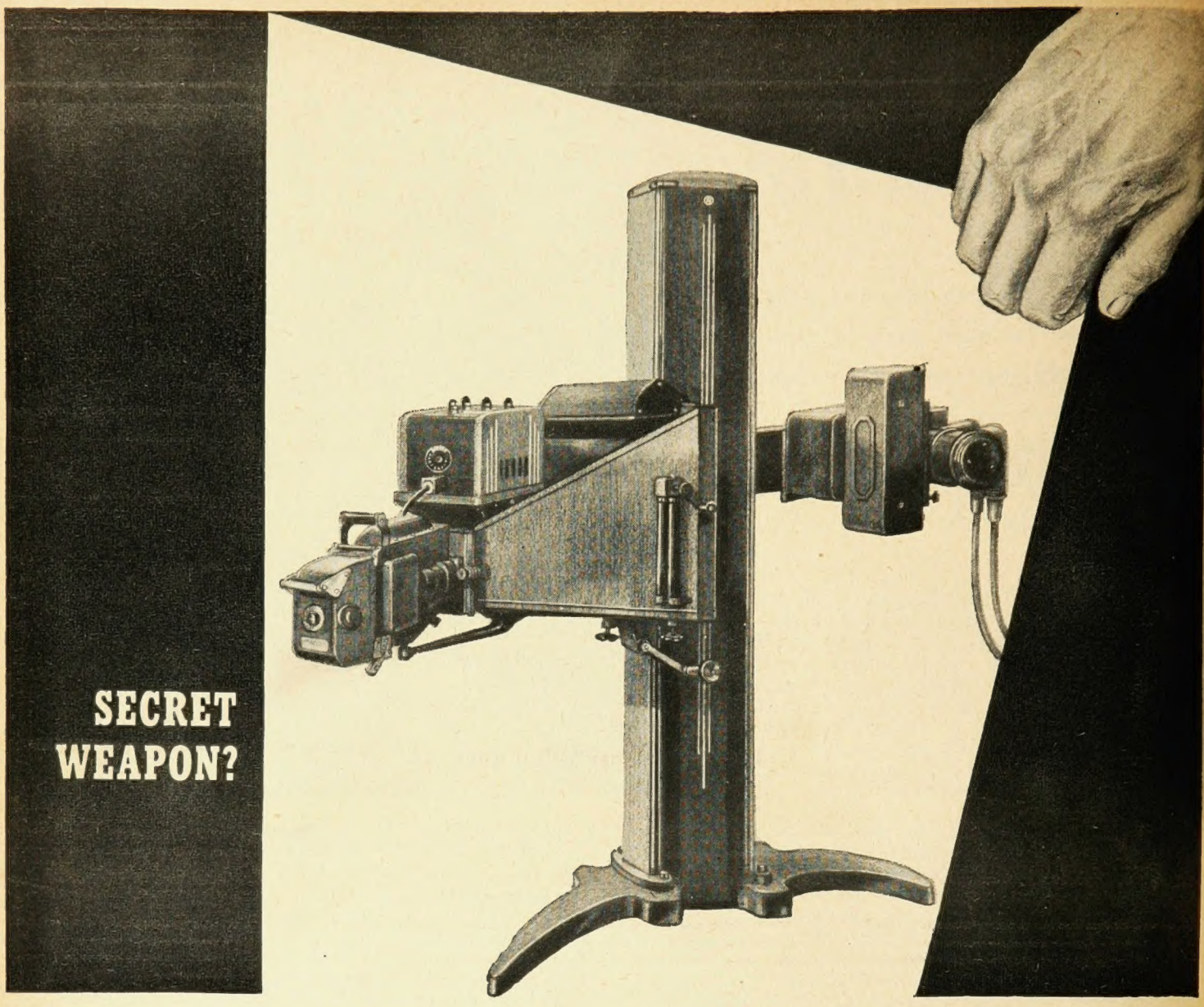
Then she thought of a new question: "But will it stand rain?"

"Say," said the weary salesman, "did you ever see a muskrat carrying an umbrella?"

Rabbitskin garments go under numerous trade names, such as lapin or French seal or sealine or beaverette. Timid Mr. Bunny may masquerade as anything from a seal to a leopard. But if his fur is of the best kind, the garment will be satisfactory no matter what it is called.

A girl planning to purchase Mr. Bunny in one of his numerous disguises should see to it that she buys from a reliable firm, and she'll know then that the price she pays is a sure index of the quality.

THE END



Here's one "secret weapon" that needs to be unveiled in every corner of the land...

THE ENEMY: Tuberculosis, the dread White Plague which kills more Americans between 15 and 35 than any other disease.

THE WEAPON: The X-ray, surest means of catching TB early, when it can be cured more easily and before it spreads.

Christmas Seal money fights TB in many ways; one of the most important is to buy X-ray units and promote mass examinations. Please, send in your contribution today.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Because of the importance of the above message, this space has been contributed by *Liberty Magazine*

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Howard Hughes about to climb aboard the $8,000,000 experimental plane which a short time later almost took his life.

Howard Hughes

Here, for the first time, is an intimate close-up of Hollywood's many-sided mystery man

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

ON the evening of July 7, an $8,000,000 XF-11 experimental plane, the fastest, newest twin-engined ship in the world, crashed into a residential section of Beverly Hills. Howard Hughes, who had designed, built, and piloted the craft for the U. S. Army Air Forces photo reconnaissance, was critically hurt.

Lying half dead under an oxygen tent, he dictated a detailed accident report to the War Department, held business conferences, made long-distance phone calls, and continued to manage his diversified interests, until his doctors threw out all visitors and posted a deputy sheriff in front of his door. While the newspapers were preparing his obituaries, Hughes was busy designing a hospital bed with six adjustable sections.

Sixty-four days after his accident and only one month after leaving Los Angeles' Good Samaritan Hospital, he was up in the air again, flying his private plane to New York.

"I saw him in the cockpit before the take-off," one of Hughes' business associates says. "He was all excited. I think this was the happiest moment of his life. He'd been having sleepless nights at the hospital, worrying whether he would ever again be behind the controls of a plane. He promised us to stop over at Albuquerque, but then he felt so well he flew all the way to Kansas City."

Thus goes the latest but definitely not the last chapter in what has become known from coast to coast as The Hughes Saga, an American success story, though Howard Robard Hughes was not born in a log cabin and never sold newspapers as a boy.

Unlike other celebrities, Hughes is allergic to personal publicity. Not long ago he abolished the public relations office of the Hughes Aircraft Company because of too many inquiries about his personal affairs.

A lot of people think they know Hughes because they see him, around midnight, on the swankier way stations of the El Morocco-Mocambo circuit, where he frequently escorts a lovely member of the fair sex. Such appearances make the columnists rush off to their typewriters. Hughes, rich, independent, and glamorous, is always good copy.

Actually, few people really know him. He has many acquaintances but

(Continued on page 58)

The Gift of Laughter

BY ALICE MAXWELL
ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

The miracle of Christmas is a wondrous thing, but Christmas in this house needed a special miracle

KAREN'S slender body swayed lightly as she rocked and one hand smoothed a soft lock of Cherry's pale gold hair. Cherry's real name was Ellin. When Mama had been alive, Ellin's cheeks had been so red they had nicknamed her Cherry. Now they glowed only when she had been close to the heater. All winter she'd had colds. Tilda said it was the drafty floors. What Cherry needed was mother-loving and a warmer house. Even Papa, with all he had to worry and think about, knew that.

Karen's arms tightened around her small sister, and the anxiety deepened in her clear blue eyes. This Christmas *must* be like Mama would have had it. A joyous, happy Christmas! *En glad Jul!* Christmas had a way of healing hearts. But even Christmas couldn't make floors warmer.

Her eyes moved to the soft green of their Christmas tree. It was a tall fir, heavily needled. All the evergreens in Idaho were like this, thick and beautiful. This one was garlanded with strings of popcorn and cranberries, threads of silver tinsel and a long chain of red and white paper links. Candles in holders dotted the tree, but they would not be lighted until Papa came home from New Meadows.

Out in the kitchen there lingered the fragrance of doughnuts, coffeecake, cinnamon buns, and new bread, for Tilda had been about her Christmas baking. Here in the sitting room the air was pungent with the spicy, woodsy aroma of fir and cedar. They had carefully placed green boughs over the large oval picture of their mother. Cedar was arched over the doorway. And Christmas was only two days away.

A year ago the Sorenson family had arrived in New Meadows from Minnesota. Papa had gone ahead with the stock and furniture and the things he used in farming. Mama and the five children had taken a train. It was bitterly cold. There had been a train wreck, delays, and hardships. A hard journey for all of them, but especially for Mama. But they'd finally arrived and had Christmas in New Meadows last year. All of them so happy. The new country looked very fine and the new year of 1908 was at hand. In January they had moved out to the farm the land agent had sold them while they were still in Minnesota. In March, Mrs. Bergman, a neighbor to the north, had come to call. Mama had shone with happiness. She'd made coffee and set out cookies and cake, just as all the Swedish women did.

In March, too, they had found buttercups on a hillside. Then, early in April, so suddenly the shock and terror of it still numbed their hearts, Mama had gone, and the new baby too. Empty days, weeks, months had gone by. Now another Christmas was almost upon them.

As yet, there were no store-bought presents, only the little gifts they had made for one another and hidden away. There were fine presents in Tilda's mail-order catalogue, Fall and Winter, 1908–09, but there'd been no money to send for them. But Karen still held tightly to her dreams—toys for the little ones, fur mittens for John, something extra nice for Papa, like skates. Back in Minnesota, Papa had been one of the best skaters.

But how could all this come true with Christmas almost here? Karen rocked more slowly now. Eric and Ruth were undressing on either side of the Oakleaf heater. John was fastening a star to the very tip of the tree.

Old Tilda broke the stillness: "It's yust a beautiful tree. You shildren have trimmed it so vell. Your moder looking down from heaven must be thinking so too."

A thin sharp sliver stabbed through Karen as she saw the misery leap into John's face. Once laughter and fun had tumbled all day long from John's lips and eyes. Since April, the laughter had vanished.

All summer the tightness had lain on Papa and John. They'd had a good crop for their first year, but the market was bad and the timothy and wheat were still stored in a warehouse in New Meadows. By early fall there was a deeper furrow of worry in Papa's forehead. He had to pay on a mortgage. There were other bills. So Papa had gone to work in New Meadows, coming out every Saturday noon on the train.

Suddenly Karen raised her head. Far down the lane she heard sleigh bells. Faintly at first, tiny tinkling sounds. John looked over at her, then clipped another candle holder on a branch of the tree. The bells, louder now, jingled joyously until all the air was filled with them. King set up a mad barking. Karen put Cherry down on the couch and covered her, then joined Tilda and John hurrying out to the kitchen. They threw open the door. Yellow lamplight streamed out.

"Hallo! Hallo!" a voice called. "It's me, Bergman! I came with a message from your father in town. I saw him when I drove in today."

"Come in!" Tilda welcomed, then shoved a few sticks of pitchy wood into the kitchen stove and put on the coffeepot.

MR. BERGMAN stamped noisily on the porch, slid each foot over the scraper. "Shall I take off my arctics?" he boomed.

"Oh, no, Mr. Bergman," John and Karen urged politely. "Leave them on."

"Sit down," Tilda commanded bossily. "I give you coffee."

"I can't stay," Mr. Bergman said, but he took off his beaver cap and tossed it and his big fur mittens on the floor. "I have news that is news!" he said impressively. He commenced speaking rapidly, mixing Swedish and American words easily. Karen listened. Her eyes grew starry, and her lips parted softly. Joy flooded through her.

(Continued on page 63)

The landscape was still and whitely magical. The sleighbells tinkled merrily. Karen laughed in pure joy.

What It Costs Russians to Live

Russia's recent 40-per-cent cut in prices of non-rationed goods isn't the consumer's break you imagine. Step for a moment into Ivan's $200 felt boots...

BY H. E. SALISBURY

JULY 2, 1946, was hot and sunny in Moscow, and the queues around the Mostorg department store circled the block three times. The special militiamen outside the big six-story building and the staff of 1,100 clerks and cashiers inside had a hard time with the crowds. In spite of the sweating militiamen, they filled up the sidewalks and spilled over into the streets.

The next day Moscow newspapers proudly reported that the Mostorg had chalked up 95,000 individual sales, presumably a record.

The cause of this excitement, as you might suppose, was a sale—or, more properly, a general price reduction. The Mostorg had announced that it was cutting prices by 40 per cent on some 40,000 items.

The news of the 40-per-cent cut in Russian prices received a good deal of attention in the United States, and many American newspapers bracketed the announcement with the latest reports of skyrocketing price increases here. It made a rather striking contrast. But a fuller account of the Mostorg prices would have made the contrast even more striking.

The Mostorg is what is known in Russia as a "commercial" store. State-run, like everything else, it operates outside the coupon rationing system under which the Soviet citizen is supposed to be able to purchase the necessities of life for very little. His monthly allotment of coupons is small, however, and often enough he finds that his "ration" store hasn't got the groceries or clothing he needs to buy.

At the Mostorg and its five Moscow branches he can buy almost anything his heart might desire—without coupons, but at a price which can roughly be defined as what the traffic will bear.

Did the Moscow citizen who waited four hours in the hot sun find some striking bargains once he pushed inside the Mostorg? Well, that depends on your point of view. The Mostorg offered ladies' cotton stockings for $2.50 a pair, and better-quality ones for $3.75. There were silk stockings —not nylons—at $9.96, and good toilet soap for $2.90 a cake. You could buy woolen yard goods for $17.50 and rather nice women's winter suits at $374.33.

Men could purchase warm winter overcoats for $450.69 and excellent suits at $278.05. There were women's fall coats at $308.76.

These were *sale* prices. They were 40 per cent less than the Mostorg had been charging the day before. (And in the past year there had been earlier price cuts of 20, 30, 40, and even 75 per cent.)

The men's suits at $278.05 were not badly made. You could match them,

Russia's modern plumbing fixtures are proudly displayed in Moscow for those who can afford the best. Conveniently above the tub is a hot-water heater.

same quality, anywhere in the United States for $45 to $55. The Russian price worked out about 450 per cent higher than ours. On other items the spread was even greater. The cake of soap offered by Mostorg at $2.90 was the same one you buy in any five-and-ten for 10 cents. That means that the Russian price was 2,800 per cent higher than ours. Before the price cut that soap would have cost a Russian 4,900 per cent more than us!

This shows that it is not wise to jump to hasty conclusions when someone announces a 40-per-cent price cut. It all depends on where the prices start.

No article of clothing is much more basic than shoes. A Russian worker could buy at the Mostorg a pair of shoes for $65—the same kind that retail in a dozen American chains for $5.95. Yet in Moscow $65 shoes were regarded as a bargain because during the war they cost $100 to $150 and you took what you could get, never mind about the fit. When the Mostorg cut its prices last July 2, the shoe department was so jammed that some customers had to come back for two or three days before they could get waited on.

There is nothing selective about this sampling of prices. A cotton wash dress which a housewife in Muscatine, Iowa, buys for $2.98 cost her Moscow sister $23.50. A spool of good silk or wool thread was $2 at the Mostorg.

ALL talk of prices is meaningless unless you know how much a man can afford to pay. If the Communist state paid its workers on a millionaire's scale, perhaps Moscow men could afford to buy $65 shoes for themselves and $308.76 Moscow interpretations of the Paris fall modes for their wives.

But Ivan Ivanovitch who works at the Stalin auto plant does not make that kind of money. He works many hours of overtime at time and a half, and he gets a premium for turning out more radiator caps than his monthly quota. But when all this is added up, his take-home pay is not likely to top $185 or $200 a month. That would put him in the top workers' bracket. Ordinary clerks earn $20 a week, and the average wage of Soviet workers certainly does not exceed $30 to $40 a week, and is probably less.

Where a skilled machinist in Detroit is not excited at wages of $150 a week and up, the managers of big steel fabricating plants, tractor works, or electrical factories in Russia seldom make more than $250 or $300 a month.

If a Russian had to pay Mostorg prices for everything he bought, he'd soon starve to death or be going around in rags and tatters. A suit of clothes, a winter overcoat, some shoes, and a few shirts would blow a year's pay.

The Russian doesn't have it quite

(Continued on page 68)

The civilian paying $450 for this overcoat envies the Red soldier, who gets his free.

Luxurious block-printed kerchiefs are easy to look at but hard to buy on a worker's wage.

Stores feature children's suits for those affluent few who don't wear hand-me-downs.

"Nichi, you come take the liddle runt feller aft," Captain Krenko ordered. "Me and Julius will handle Mr. Mulrooney."

Native Shrewdness

BY CRAWFORD SULLIVAN

JOCK McWHIRTLE turned a melancholy eye toward Oska, the Samoan bartender.

"Not one more drop until you've paid for that one," said Oska.

Jock bristled. "Ye penny-pinchin' lotus-eater," he said. "D'ye mean to imply that my credit is no longer valid?"

Oska yawned, took a red hibiscus from a vase and carefully placed it behind his left ear.

"Give me one quart bottle—good whisky."

Jock swung around on his stool. Sitting beside him was a big fat native about fifty years old. A sun helmet crowned his frizzy hair, and a frayed Indian rope cigar was stuck in the corner of his mouth.

Oska produced the bottle immediately. The stranger handed him a shiny piece of metal about the size of a dime. Oska took it; fondled it with his plump fingers.

"Excuse me," said Jock, "but I ha'e never seen that specie o' legal tender before. What is it?"

"Gold," said Oska. "Ratu Bula has discovered a place on the island of Lau where you can pick gold right up off the ground."

"How verra interestin'. 'Tis a pity that some o' those nuggets canna be distributed among the puir an' needy—such as myself."

"You want gold?" asked Ratu Bula bluntly. "You get boat, I take you where plenty gold is."

"Unfortunately I ha'e no boat," said Jock.

"Here's a fine chance for you," urged Oska. "Why don't you ask Trader Tim to lend you his boat?"

"Tim Mulrooney an' I are mortal enemies, as ye well know. Furthermore, the man is definitely dishonest."

"He never got the better of you, did he?"

"Only once," asserted Jock. "Two years ago he won a fine Swiss watch from me in a dice game at the Queen's Hotel. A magnificent timepiece. I ha'e good reason to suspect that the dice were loaded."

"You get boat?" inquired Ratu Bula.

Jock pondered a moment. "Aye," he said; "I'll get it. Come along wi' me—an' bring the bottle."

When they had departed, Oska wiped off the bar and chuckled—the same way his departed ancestor, King Sikuna, used to chuckle after tossing a rival tribesman to the sharks.

TRADER TIM was in a sad frame of mind. He lay in his bunk aboard the Princess Palua, strumming on a three-stringed mandolin and gazing dolefully at the photographs of pretty girls which decorated his cabin.

His lugubrious state was aggravated by the sudden appearance of Jock McWhirtle.

"Go away," he said. "I have enough troubles already."

"Financial, o' course?" ventured Jock.

"It's number three from the left, bottom row," he said, pointing to the photographs. "She wants to marry me."

"A likely lass indeed. Is she white?"

"Partly," said Tim. "Her name is Enid Rafaele, and she works as a stenographer for the Anderson Copra Company."

"Ye dinna wish to wed wi' this flower o' the tropics?"

"The woman I marry," said Tim, "must be beautiful, fascinating, and rich—especially rich."

"Why dinna ye up anchor an' seek another port?"

"I can't. I owe the Anderson Copra Company three hundred pounds. If I skipped out, they could have me jailed."

"Then tell the lass ye already ha'e a wife."

"That might be my death warrant," sighed Tim. "The girl is a native princess. She has relatives who make a peculiar kind of poison which they put on small darts."

"The answer to yer predicament is now seated in the dining saloon." Jock stuck his head out of the door. "Come in, Ratu!"

Ratu Bula shuffled in. The bottle he carried was empty.

"Who in blazes is that?" frowned Trader Tim.

"He's a native chief." Jock steered Ratu Bula to a chair, reached into his pocket and produced a shiny nugget. "D'ye ken what this is?"

Tim examined the object carefully. "It's gold. Wonder where the old blister found it?"

"Somewhere on the island o' Lau," said Jock. "Furthermore, the Ratu has offered to take me to the exact spot. All I need is a boat. Will ye join me in this venture?"

"No," scowled Tim.

Ratu Bula had dozed off.

"Suit yerself," shrugged Jock. "When ye're married an' settled in a coconut hoose, never say that Jock McWhirtle didna offer to help ye."

Trader Tim appeared thoughtful. "I've never done any mining," he said.

"Nor I," said Jock. "But what's to prevent us from buying the land? Did ye ever hear o' the real-estate negotiation I made wi' Ratu Joni, chief o' Kalemba—rest his soul?"

"Yes. You traded the chief a case of whisky for forty acres of land. A rank swindle."

"But legal," Jock reminded him. "I ha'e the deed in my pocket now."

"You never got anything out of it. You thought you could lease to the Island Lumber Company. When it went out of business, you were jolly well left holding the bag."

"An unfortunate gamble," Jock admitted.

"Supposing you do find this gold mine," inquired Tim, "what do you propose to buy it with?"

"Whisky," said Jock. "Wi' this gold nugget I can buy several cases o' the excellent Scottish-type whisky which Pete makes in his attic."

Tim strummed his mandolin softly. "I'm with you," he said, "providing it's a fifty-fifty deal. But don't try to double-cross me. I know your vile, scheming nature as well as I know my own!"

ON the following day the Princess Palua sailed from the island of Rukuruku and headed in a northeasterly direction toward the Farrel Islands. It was late afternoon of the third day when the headlands of Lau appeared off the starboard bow.

"Ratu Bula said for us to put in at the bay on the east side, where the Haklyute-Knudsen boats used to call for bananas," declared Jock.

Tim nodded. "Where is the old bloke?"

"Confined below wi' a severe hangover. He drank a bottle o' hair tonic which ye foolishly left ootside o' yer locker."

"It's a good thing we locked up the whisky."

"I could stand a wee nip myself'."

"That whisky is for trading pur-

(*Continued on page 52*)

A rollicking tale of low comedy and high adventure in the reconverted South Sea Islands

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Out Looking for Trouble

A telephone repairman meets nature—and human nature—at their zaniest. That naked girl singing in a cellar, for example

BY HARRY SKINNER as told to Clarissa Lorenz

REMEMBER that New Year's Day blizzard in '43? I was one of the trouble shooters dispatched from the White Plains, New York, office to help clean up the mess.

Here's the set-up: About 10 P.M., December 31, 1942, our super got the call from upstate. "We've got a blizzard here. Thirty-five below. Snow sticking to the branches and ice forming on top. We'll be needing help by morning."

"Sure thing," says my super. So he calls his foremen, who always know where to reach us repair boys. "Want three of your boys right away, Hank, and tell them to grab some warm clothes. They'll probably have to stay over." Then he gives out the time, route, and meeting place.

So on the last night of 1942 we took off in our trucks for Kingston. We drove all night—that is, when the trucks weren't stuck in snow—and next day pitched right in, working from dawn till dark without a breather.

We found everybody ready for us. Summer hotels and local schools threw open their doors, farmers and townspeople dusted off attic cots, the army chipped in with blankets and more cots, the Red Cross mobile canteen fed us half-frozen guys hot coffee and sandwiches, and women ploughed through the snow carrying grub to churches where the Ladies' Aid served meals.

It took 600 linemen from five states about three weeks to clean up that blizzard, which flattened out public service for 6,000 square miles. Over 4,000 poles had broken off or come down, 32,000 phones had gone dead, towns were isolated, and many folks lived without heat or light for seventy-two hours.

We had to learn to use snowshoes. We wrestled with wires frozen in the ground. The snow blinded us so we couldn't see which were ours and which the power lines. I kept slipping off the ice-coated pole steps. Upstairs, that gale cut like a knife. Men would keep falling into drifts and have to be hauled out with a hand line. But we all came back from that trip without a scratch, except that local hospitals treated plenty of frostbite.

The Bell System has standard tools and specifications, so a man from any other state is as Johnny-on-the-spot in Vermont as a Vermonter. In the '38 hurricane, about 2,400 men were rushed to New England's rescue from about twenty-three states, some from as far away as Nebraska. Altogether it took 7,000 men to clean up the mess.

Sleet, heavy rains, lightning storms, and wind are the phone company's greatest headaches. And power wires are still our biggest danger, because many of them are on the same poles with our wires and cables. And when you get a cross-up—a power line coming down on a phone cable—why, a man working on that same cable five miles away can get electrocuted because he'd act as a conductor.

Moisture is one of the biggest causes of trouble in phone cables. Creates short circuits, blows fuses, and raises Old Harry in general with the service. And if part of the power line is thrown on a wet pole, a line man is likely to get an awful jolt. You can see the power flash out from his wet coat. Even a wet pole leaking juice can give you enough shock to send you into a tailspin. When I was still green on the job, I got my arms burned that way. Panicked me, so I made the mistake of tossing down everything—rubber gloves, tools, hooks, and safety belt, and myself in a nonstop descent! Luckily, it was only a fifteen-foot drop.

Am I giving you a rough idea of what

(*Continued on page* 51)

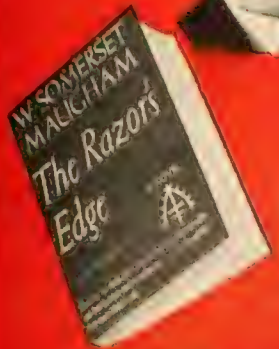
Between love and hatred there is a line as sharp as a Razor's Edge!

Word Is Spreading:
"THE GREATEST MOTION PICTURE I HAVE SEEN IN MY LIFE!"

TYRONE POWER · GENE TIERNEY · JOHN PAYNE
Anne BAXTER · Clifton WEBB · Herbert MARSHALL

Darryl F. Zanuck's production of
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S

The Razor's Edge



Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK · Directed by EDMUND GOULDING · Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI

From the Novel by W. Somerset Maugham

20th CENTURY-FOX
Triumph!

SHOPPING Set to Music

An air-conditioned business district with nurseries for the kids and rooftop parking is shaping up in New York City

By

EARL and FRANCESCA WELCH

FOR many years visionary artists have been teasing the public with drawings of the super cities of "tomorrow." They've produced blueprints of metropolises where every building will be streamlined chrome and plate glass and will offer rooftop parking, where streets will be laid out in bridges, underground passes, and escalator ramps.

But the "tomorrow" of these artists has never come. Their plans have died on the modeler's bench or the magazine page.

All but one, that is. For about five years, now, a few New York real-estate men and architects, working in almost complete secrecy, have been taking the preliminary steps necessary to turn their vision into a reality.

Their blueprint does not call for an entire new world-of-tomorrow city. But it does call for the *heart* of one: an ultra-modern shopping center covering some twenty acres of land, scientifically planned down to the last detail for the utmost in efficiency, convenience, and up-to-the-minute architectural beauty.

This $50,000,000 experiment is about to be made in Flushing, a part of New York City and the hub of a Long Island district with a population of about 400,000. Flushing's present business center looks much like the "downtown" section of any other city. The buildings are of all ages, shapes, and colors, each built as an individual unit, with no thought of what was around it.

TO BY BEN SCHNALL, COURTESY OF ARCHITECTURAL FORUM

Free rooftop parking will accommodate 5,000 cars. Delivery trucks enter underground to load, leaving streets free from all traffic.

This entire section is going to be razed. And on the site will rise a shopping center that will be not only a dream but, literally, a dream set to music.

Let's pretend it is already built and follow the housewife who can do her day's shopping there:

In the first place, the center will be easily accessible. Subways will link it with Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. The Long Island Railroad will also have a terminal at the shopping center. Besides these, a huge bus terminal is to be built. However, if madam uses her car, she will encounter no wear and tear in finding a parking place. Free rooftop parking will take care of 5,000 cars at a time. The rooftop is protected by canopies, and on a rainy day she can go from her parking space to any building in the center without having to hold a newspaper over her hair-do.

What has she done with baby? She's brought him along, of course. Even before parking her car she stopped at the center's first-class nursery and left the child there, or, if he's old enough, at a completely equipped playground. Registered nurses will keep the darling in hand for as long as mother is gone, and this service is also free. However, to prevent overenthusiastic ladies from dropping in simply to park their cars and babies for free and then spending the whole day at a friend's, they will probably have to present purchase receipts totaling a certain minimum amount when they return, or else pay a fee for these services.

With car and baby taken care of, madam enters the main part of the center. This consists mostly of three-story, World's Fair-like stores. Every building and shop is planned as a part of the whole. There is no duplication or omission of products, and she can buy just about anything she might need, from a piano to a pork chop. If she wants vegetables, one of the main features of the center will be a large covered market. Truck farmers from all over Long Island will bring their produce directly to this market, where they can sell it from individual stalls.

PHOTO BY FAIRCHILD SURVEYS, COURTESY OF ARCHITECTURAL FORUM

Flushing's $50,000,000 shopping paradise will serve half a million customers. This model shows how it will look from a plane.

As she crosses from store to store, she is not plagued by automobiles. Ramps at the outskirts of the center take cars to the rooftop parking areas, and trucks enter underground passages to go to an unloading center. From there they send out or collect their wares by way of electric cars which travel underground to all the stores.

There are several levels of sidewalks, with display windows along each of them. As the housewives saunter along, pleasant music fills the air. They do not have to worry about rain here, either. Weather, that old-fashioned problem, has been taken care of. Canopies protect the upper-level sidewalks. In summer, cool air comes from the buildings; in winter, warm air. This air-conditioning system works on the same principle as that used inside the stores themselves.

If madam has many diversified shopping errands, she can travel all the way across the shopping center by standing on a lower-level moving sidewalk.

THE three tallest buildings planned for the district will be ten-story streamlined affairs of glass bricks. One will be a hotel, another a general office building, and the third a professional building for doctors, dentists, etc., with a hospital on the top floor. There will be a $6,000,000 theater, seating 4,000, as well as a very modern night club, a dancing pavilion, a skating rink, and bowling alleys.

The leading figure behind this housewife's paradise is genial William Zeckendorf, executive vice-president of Webb & Knapp, one of New York's largest real-estate firms. In handling real estate all over the country, daily experiences have shown him the many things wrong with business and shopping centers, both from the merchant's point of view and from the customer's. He has long dreamed of the day when he could deal with a piece of property that would be perfectly set up from all angles. The dream has led him and his associates to create one.

Cannily, Webb & Knapp made no public announcement of their plans until August 6, 1946. By then they had quietly bought 90 per cent of the property necessary for the undertaking. The other 10 per cent is still held by owners who hope to force a higher price for it.

Condemnation proceedings are already going through on the hold-out property. If the city feels that the value of the project to the public will outweigh the value of the property to the individuals, the owners will be forced to sell at reasonable prices. It is expected that actual razing and building will begin within a year, and completion of the project is scheduled for about two years later. The only other factor still standing in the firm's way is the need for a few zoning changes. The building code of Flushing, written twenty-five years ago, allows a person to build on only 60 per cent of his lot. This would necessitate leaving useless spaces between the buildings. Since the project already has the unofficial blessings of Mayor O'Dwyer and other city fathers, it is not expected that much difficulty will be met with in overcoming these obstacles.

A few of the present buildings will be left standing. One of these is a church, and the planners will reserve the lots next to it for the sale of trees and shrubs.

The buildings and layout of the shopping center were designed by Lester C. Tichy, architect, and C. Ralph Fletcher, his right-hand man. Tichy, a Pennsylvania Railroad architect, designed the Thirtieth Street Station in Philadelphia and was prize winner in competitions held by General Motors and Better Homes and Gardens. The entire development will be controlled and rented out by Webb & Knapp. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has financed most of it so far, and has an option on doing the rest. Rentals will be based on a standard rate plus a percentage of the gross sales. It is estimated that annual retail sales will gross about $150,000,000—enough to take care of taxes and provide a sinking fund for paying off the entire cost of the project within twenty-five years.

Nearly every city would like to have its shopping districts modernized. In the Webb & Knapp enterprise there will be absolutely no cost to the city except, perhaps, the widening of a street or two. This [illegible] will be an experiment that business men and city [illegible] over the country will be watching with great interest. If it works out well, the march toward the "cities of tomorrow" will be definitely under way.

THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

THE OLD APPLE TREE

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

This was a special tree, with roots in a woman's heart

"HERE is the old Hunsaker place, Mrs. Patterson," the agent said, stopping before a dilapidated gate. "Now, I'll be honest with you. You can't make a living farming it. They've tried. Old Man Hunsaker first, and then a family named Reed, and then the Brennans. After that—"

"I knew the Brennans," Nancy Patterson said absently. She was looking for the apple tree. The years had changed things, and she felt a sharp little stab of alarm before she saw it, yonder at the edge of the old road. "I—I used to spend summers with Mary Brennan a long time ago."

She got out of her car and stood in the clear sunlight of the October afternoon. Autumn's moods and colors became her. She had hair the shade of corn silk at harvesttime, and a sweet wholesome maturity in face and figure.

"Well, now, it couldn't have been more than sixteen or eighteen years ago, Mrs. Patterson," the real-estate man was saying gallantly. "You must have been just a child."

Nancy smiled faintly. *That's it—we were both just children,* she thought, and started impulsively across the corner of the property, paying no attention to the rambling house.

The tree stood just inside a rickety rail fence, shading part of the road. Hunsaker probably had planted it—perhaps even Johnny Appleseed himself. It had been gnarled and old in those days, she remembered; it still wore the dignity given only to ancient and deeply rooted things. The huge rough-barked trunk leaned slightly and forked a few feet above the ground to make a wide crotch, comfortable as a saddle. The branches arched and swung low, bent by the fruition of many a season, and now the leaves had begun to turn.

"This is the county road," the real-estate man said. "South boundary of the twenty acres. The house is furnished, Mrs. Patterson. There's electricity, but I suppose you'd like to look at it before it gets dark."

She brought herself back from memories that whispered with the wind in the leaves. She said, "I'm sure it will be satisfactory, Mr. Slade, and I want to move in at once. I'll have to give you a check on a Reno bank. . . ."

When he had gone, she rested her arms on the rail fence and watched twilight come softly up through the hollows of the hills. Crickets strummed in a tangle of wild blackberry vines. The first star blazed, tipping the tree as if a candle had been lighted on its topmost branch, and she remembered the bright laughter of youth there, and the whispers only her ears could hear. She put her head down on her arms and was almost surprised to find her cheeks wet.

After all, some things endured. The circle began and ended here, where the apple tree held its arms like a benediction. She had come home.

IT was several days later that Nancy Patterson heard voices and saw a truck standing near the apple tree.

She hurried out, half curious, half alarmed. The truck was equipped with a winch and hoisting gear; four men were cutting a trench around the tree in the form of a hollow square.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"We're moving the apple tree, ma'am," the foreman said, tipping his hat. "One of the big nurseries up in the city—"

"*Moving* it? You'll do no such thing! I've bought this place, and I want the tree to stay where it is!"

The foreman scratched his head and sighed. "Lady," he said, "I don't see any sense in it, either, but I got my orders. This tree ain't on your property—it's on the county road. It's been sold to that nursery!"

"But it belongs here—it must belong to me!" Nancy cried illogically. "I'll get an injunction. Stop this digging right now, before you injure the roots!"

"I'm sorry, lady, but, like I said, I got my orders, and—"

Nancy waited to hear no more. A blind and unreasoning fury seized her, and she hastened to the house and took down the old shotgun that lay in a rack above the mantel. She confronted them, her eyes blazing.

"Get away from my tree!" she ordered. "Get that truck out of here!"

They saw that she handled the gun with a dangerous lack of familiarity. The diggers climbed out of their trenches and backed away, glancing at the foreman. He gulped and wiped his brow.

"Lady, put down that gun before you hurt somebody!" he pleaded.

"Get out!" Nancy said, furiously.

"Well, we'll just have to come back, and bring the law with us. You could be arrested for this, ma'am!"

Nancy watched the truck turn into the state highway and vanish around a bend. Her anger slowly ebbed, leaving a helpless feeling and the conviction that she had been ridiculously dramatic. She knew that she should drive to town at once and plead with the county authorities and perhaps hire a lawyer. But suppose they did arrest her there? Suppose the crew came back and took the tree while she was gone?

She got a shovel, and set to work throwing the dirt back in the trenches. Her hands became blistered and her back ached. When the task was done, she leaned against the rough tree trunk and cried a little. There was no one, now, to whom she could turn for strength.

SHE spent most of the day on the porch, keeping vigil, half expecting to see the truck returning with a sheriff's car. The twilight came, paler than before, and the apple tree slowly lost its identity to the night. Wind sprang up, chill with a threat of frost, sighing around the eaves of the old house; her lonesome thoughts ran with it.

It was curious how life and love kept the inexorable pattern of the seasons, and how many beautiful early blossoms did not survive. Maytime was happy, and so were summer days of struggle and growth, but all too often love was not rooted deeply enough to bear up under whatever harvest came. . . .

She pulled a tweed coat around her, and watched the lights of a car come hesitantly down the highway. The machine passed the intersection, and then backed up, turning into the country road and halting near the apple tree. A door closed softly. The bobbing circle of a flashlight moved to the tree, and was lost under its sweeping branches.

Something of Nancy's earlier anger returned with the suspicion that the truck crew was back to take the tree by night. She went stealthily down the path and through the fence. *It might be the sheriff,* she thought, and halted a few yards away. Then the man came round the gnarled bole of the apple tree, and she caught his silhouette against the diffused lights of the car.

Nancy's anger slowly ebbed, leaving a helpless feeling and the conviction that she had been ridiculously dramatic.

Her heart leaped once and settled to a heavy pounding. He was looking up into the tree, playing the light into its branches. Suddenly she understood why he had come.

She parted the low-hanging limbs and stood before him. "It's the same, Tom," she said softly. "The one thing that hasn't changed."

He turned, dropping the flashlight. "Nancy! You—why, you're the woman who wouldn't let them take my tree!"

"*Your* tree?" she said sharply. "I suppose you intend to donate it to the city park. I suppose there'll be a plaque on it, warning all young lovers!"

He rested a hand against the trunk and looked at her strangely. "It will be transplanted to the garden at my home," he said firmly. "Your lawyer could arrange for you to visit it at scheduled times, if you wish. You—"

"I'm not sure the courts would consider you a fit person to have its custody!" Nancy retorted. "You'd be away all the time, chasing the almighty dollar. A tree needs sunshine and country air. And love. It needs lots of love, Tom."

He turned away, as if moved by impatience. He climbed into the crotch of the tree with lanky ease, and his face was lost in the upper shadows. He said, "Let's not quarrel now, Nancy. I know I was wrong—about money, and business, and the things that seemed important. But the tree belongs to me now, and I want it at home."

"It belongs to two other persons," Nancy said—"the boy and the girl who sat where you are sitting, a long time ago.

"Why—why did you really want it, Tom?"

"Hand me the flashlight, please," he said.

She obeyed, and his hand touched hers. He took the light and reached down again, catching her wrist. "Come up here with me, won't you, Nancy?"

She sat beside him, and his breath was warm against her cheek. He pulled aside a leafy branch and turned the flashlight's beam on one of the big limbs.

"That's why," he told her softly. "And that's why you bought the farm."

She nodded. The symbol he had carved with a jackknife was still deep in the bark—the heart, the "Nan & Tom," and the piercing arrow. She reached for it, followed the outline of the heart with her fingertips.

She heard the wind in the leaves, and there no longer seemed to be a threat of frost, and even before he spoke again, she knew that some things endure, never changing.

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

HERETIC—At a Moslem prayer meeting in London a little nonconformity crops up in the form of a damsel.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

CHECK-UP—Hideki Tojo, who once tried his hand at hara-kiri, undergoes a health examination to make sure he remains in shape while being tried for his life.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

QUACK-QUACK—a duck-billed platypus comes face to face with the camera eye. His blank expression may come from wondering if he's a bird or a mammal.

INTERNATIONAL NEAS PHOTO

THE CHAMP—Or is it chimp? The Japanese artist who made this unusual wood carving does not say.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

FACIAL—The man wearing the Swiss Cross is doing his best to change his Swedish opponent's expression in an international wrestling match. The Swede came back to win.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

THE HIP—Gail Bennett puts rhythm into her dance in a New York nitery.

Heel with Sex Appeal

Women don't want Dan Duryea to be good, a fact which makes him very nasty on the screen

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

DAN DURYEA, who typifies in pictures such as Scarlet Street all a man should *not* be, gets 2,000 fan letters a week from women who don't want him to be good. They love him just as he is. Although he has been playing heels in Hollywood since his role of Leo Hubbard in The Little Foxes five years ago, it wasn't until ten pictures later, when he began pushing women around, the while making love to them, that his fan mail jumped.

After the release of The Woman in the Window, in which he played a blackmailer with a leer in his eye, his fan mail trebled. When his interpretation of Johnny came to life in Scarlet Street, his fan mail jumped to five times what it had been. In Black Angel he played a sympathetic drunk, and in White Tie and Tails, his latest movie, he has a comedy role; but both he and Universal are keeping their fingers crossed. Will he or will he not click as a right guy?

For Duryea's fan letters come from women of all ages and from every walk of life, *92 per cent of whom don't want him to change.* They like him as a heel with sex appeal.

This puzzled him so much that he once consulted a psychiatrist, who explained that his appeal was his lackadaisical, I-don't-give-a-damn way, his indifferent, no-hurry-about-it walk, his nasal voice, and his up-to-no-good eyes—all of which appeal to the type of woman who likes to be pushed around. "Besides," added the doctor, "I don't think they think you really are so mean."

As for his nasal voice, he is always surprised when people tell him he sounds in real life as he does in pictures. He can't believe his voice is that high and nasal.

While other actors in roles portraying sterling, dependable manhood wonder why a thin, blond, not-too-good-looking actor with a husky nasal drawl, a lazy walk, and villainous roles outclasses them in fan mail, Hollywood history reveals that such screen heroes as Jimmy Cagney and Clark Gable originally got their hold on the feminine public by shoving their leading ladies around. These stars have made complete change-overs from villains to heroes. But Duryea is different. He has no desire to play a knight on a white charger. He wants to play a heel—the more heelish, the better.

Even his first stage appearance was symbolic. In a play at a church social in White Plains, New York, six-year-old Dan was dressed as an ink bottle. All through grammar and high school he was in almost every school play. At Cornell he began to think of acting as a profession. It was the only thing in which he was interested.

There was only one catch. He wanted to get married, even though he had not met the girl. He knew, however, that a man couldn't get married without dough, without a regular job, something that the theater couldn't always be depended upon to provide. So he decided on advertising. It was 1928 and jobs were easy to get for a Cornell graduate with an M.A. degree. He started with an advertising agency at $35 a week. The only trouble was that he still hadn't met the girl.

One night he rode home on the train with a Mr. Bryan, who was also in the advertising business. When they got off at the station, he met Mr. Bryan's pretty daughter, Helen. To Dan, Helen was The Girl. It was a year, however, before they were engaged. Meanwhile he changed jobs and went with the Katz Advertising Agency at $45 a week. A year later, when he was raised to $50, Helen and Dan were married.

Life was pretty smooth. The firm thought so highly of him that he was put in charge of its Philadelphia office. Then his heart went back on him, and the doctors ordered him to bed.

"That was when everything happened at once," he says today. "Helen was expecting a baby, and I got out of bed to drive her to the hospital. When we arrived, the nurse didn't know which of us was the patient. Helen had a Caesarean, and the baby was stillborn. The doctor climaxed this by telling me I had to spend three months in bed."

His employers put him on half salary and generously sent him down to Florida for six months. At the end of that period the doctors advised him not to go back into anything as strenuous as advertising for a while. The only other thing Dan knew how to do was act. He landed a job with a summer stock company at five dollars a week and room and board. The job lasted five weeks. Nothing daunted, he heard that a former Cornell classmate, Sidney Kingsley, was writing a play, Dead End. Kingsley gave him a small part at $40 a week. The show ran eighty-five weeks. For Dan there followed one performance with a summer stock company and two Broadway flops.

Then he got the role of Leo Hubbard in The Little Foxes, starring Tallulah Bankhead. It was a smash hit, and for Dan it was a stepping-stone to Hollywood when the motion-picture version with Bette Davis was made. Meanwhile Helen had another child, Peter. This time nothing went wrong. At long last Dame Fortune was giving the Dan Duryeas the glad eye.

Dan sailed through his first picture without a screen test and got rave notices when the picture was released. It was 1941, he was under contract to Samuel Goldwyn, and the future looked lush. Then, as is not unusual in perverse Hollywood, Dan "sat." Finally he was given small parts in Ball of Fire and The Pride of the Yankees. At the end of a year Goldwyn dropped his option. Dan took small parts in other pictures until the tide again turned for him in The Woman in the Window. In

Ninety-two per cent of Dan Duryea's fan mail comes from women who beseech him to keep pushing his screen heroines around.

that picture he was only on the screen twelve minutes, but as the blackmailer whose eyes gave Joan Bennett the once-over lightly, he caused thousands of women to write him fan letters. By the time Scarlet Street was released, he was in.

There are times when characters of the type Dan brings so vividly to life embarrass him. His mother was mortified when Scarlet Street was banned in New York. His youngest son, only three, has never seen daddy on the screen, and his oldest son, Peter, has seen him only in Sahara, where he played a good guy, and in Along Came Jones, because it was a Western. After Peter had seen the Western, Dan asked him anxiously, "How'd you like me?" "I like Boston Blackie better," said Peter.

At home, Dan is easygoing, the antithesis of the characters he plays. His hobby is working in the garden. He also likes to install his own plumbing, and is handy about the house. A confirmed movie fan, he goes to movies for relaxation. Whenever he and Helen really want to celebrate, they go to the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove for dancing. The Hollywood night spots don't intrigue them. Dan isn't a splurger, nor a gambler. His money is safely invested in a home, bonds, and—now that his health is tops—life insurance.

Although he is grateful for the adulation of the feminine fans, he is a little bewildered by it. Recently in New York he was mobbed and pushed against a wall by hundreds of bobby-soxers. "Just take it easy, kids," he said. "Quit pushing and I'll sign them all."

He still thinks of himself as a business man. This being an actor, you see, started out as a hobby. Therefore, at such times, he's apt to ask no one in particular, "Isn't this a hell of a business for an advertising man to be in?"

THE END

UNTIL MOONRISE

When the girl you love runs off with another man, you don't follow — unless it's like this

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

Neither Jay nor Sylvia mentioned Tony, yet it was as if Tony were sauntering down the street between them.

BY URSULA PARROTT

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

JASON NASH and Tony Duane, American combat pilots and friends through many missions, decided to settle in San Vittore, in the West Indies. Through Trevor Russell, a well-to-do resident, they bought a plantation, Miramar, which Jay would farm while Tony started an interisland air line. Jay met and was greatly attracted to Sylvia Congreve, who, with her father, a naturalist, was staying with the curator of the Botanical Gardens, Dr. Ventura. Sylvia liked Jay, but when she met the gay, good-looking Tony, she fell in love with him. Every day the two met, while Jay, shy and serious, kept out of their way. One morning Sylvia told Tony that her father's plans had abruptly changed. They were to leave in forty-eight hours for South America. Afraid of losing Sylvia, Tony urged an elopement. Recklessly ignoring the fact that his single-engine plane was not safe for night flying, he told her they would fly to Puerto Rico and be married there. The infatuated Sylvia agreed.

At ten o'clock that night they took off, but forty miles out, the plane's motor quit and they landed on the water. "There are sure to be fishing boats around," Tony reassured the frightened girl, "and we'll get a tow." But the plane rode at an angle and he realized they could not long remain afloat.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

FROM the moment he arrived at the Venturas', Jason Nash had been aware that Sylvia Congreve was disturbed.

Jason was always aware of her—of her light grace, of the tones in her voice by which he judged whether she was amused or restless. Though he and she had retreated to impersonality, Jay's consciousness of her mood, her slightest gesture, increased rather than diminished.

This evening, when she joined in the conversation concerning Dr. Congreve's abrupt change in plans, their midweek departure, she sounded as if she totally disbelieved in the journey.

At some point during dinner Jason put two things together in his mind. All afternoon Tony had been abstracted. How well Jay knew that mood of Tony's when, resolved on some project of which he was certain Jay would disapprove, he retreated to gay superficialities.

Mr. Russell, the Venturas' other dinner guest, began a long monologue as to the great prosperity sure to come to San Vittore when the natives were persuaded to embark on scientific agriculture. Jay hardly listened. It occurred to him that old Mrs. Ventura's forget-me-not blue eyes were puzzled whenever she regarded Sylvia.

The dinner party moved into the living room for coffee. Sylvia set her coffee cup down with a small clatter. She stood up. "I must make some plans about packing father's things. You will excuse me?" she asked, and left the room hastily.

Then Jay guessed most of it. She had told Tony of their change in plans! Tony would not let her leave San Vittore for a long South American journey with nothing settled. Tony did not relinquish easily anything upon which he had set his heart. But what could he do?

Jay knew Tony would probably suggest an elopement.

Jay glanced at his watch. It was not yet quite ten o'clock. He could not, in common politeness, leave for a half hour. By the time he reached Miramar, Tony would be sleeping. Well, he would wake him; would say, "You are making yourself responsible for Sylvia Congreve's whole life without stopping to think what you are doing."

Tony very well might resent interference, might point out that Sylvia was of age. What Jay would do then he did not know. Meanwhile he had to get through the next half hour.

MRS. VENTURA excused herself on the plea of fatigue. Jay began to talk about interisland air lines. It was the only subject which occurred to him.

He was stopped in midsentence. Mrs. Ventura was hurrying back into the room carrying an envelope.

"It's addressed to you, Dr. Congreve!" She was excited. "I thought Sylvia seemed strange. She isn't in her room."

Dr. Congreve tore open the envelope, read quickly.

He gasped out, "Sylvia is eloping with Tony Duane! She can't! She barely knows the man."

"May I see?" Jay asked. Dr. Congreve handed over the letter.

Jay read fast, memorizing the salient facts. Leaving at ten, flying to Puerto Rico, to be married in the morning. It was seven minutes after ten.

Dr. Congreve had begun a bewildered protesting monologue: "I spent years giving her the scientific approach to work, she has been happy and she has been useful. Why should she want to throw away all her specialized skills on a young man with no interests in her field?" His deep voice was suddenly uneven. "She will be wasted, she will be unhappy."

Jay went to the front door and flung it wide. He saw the navigation lights of the plane rising above the harbor, calculated how strong the rising wind, how long the overwater distance, and turned back to the room with his mind made up.

"Come outside," he addressed Trevor Russell. "I want to talk to you." He slammed the door behind them. "We'll take your car. Is your boat gassed? It's the fastest on the island. We are following them. The plane's in bad shape. Night flying over water in a single-engined plane is crazy anyway, as Tony knows."

Russell's keys were in his car. Jay started it.

Trevor Russell protested as they raced down the hillside, "But the plane cruises at a hundred and twenty miles an hour."

"If he makes it he makes it. What I'm worrying about is a forced landing. Ours is no navy Cat. Ours wouldn't stay afloat an hour in rough water. When's moonrise?" He answered himself, "In about an hour."

He swung to the dock. "You handle the boat, Russell. I'll navigate."

Russell got out of the car. He made further objections.

"But it is like pursuing the proverbial needle in the haystack. My dear sir, why do you feel it's so momentous to follow?"

Jay made the most unreticent speech of his life: "Because I'm in love with Sylvia Congreve! Do you expect me to sit having a cigarette and explaining to her father what kind of husband Tony Duane will make, when she could be drowning?"

Russell grunted. "Lucky I filled the boat with gas today," and blessedly got into it.

Jay cast off. "Where are your charts?" he asked. "Get going while I figure the course."

Mr. Russell headed out to the harbor mouth.

After Jay had made some rapid calculations and given him abrupt directions, Mr. Russell risked asking, "But, Nash, if she prefers Tony Duane—young girls do have these preferences."

"I don't care whether she prefers Tony, me, or you at the moment. I just don't want anything to happen to her."

Jay stood in the bow, peering ahead into the darkness.

"Why doesn't the moon rise?" he demanded fiercely.

"Too early," Mr. Russell said. "It will be up within the hour."

TONY had three flares. He could set them off now or a little later. He decided to wait, because just possibly there *were* fishing boats in the vicinity, although he did not believe that likely. However, the nearer to moonrise the better the chance for a fishing boat, attracted by the flares' brief brightness, to find them.

In the circle of his arm Sylvia shivered slightly. She asked, "Are we a little lower in the water than we were?"

"Yes, Sylvia. The plane has to

(Continued on page 46)

JACK BREED—FPG PHOTO

To appease the spirits, Navaho artists execute elaborate sand paintings.

Get That Chindi Out of Here!

Navaho customs sanction murdering a father but forbid setting eyes on a mother-in-law

By ERIK M. R. von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

as told to JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

IT was at the entrance to Monument Valley, Arizona. Three minutes had gone by since I'd asked the first Navaho I'd ever seen the way to the trading post. Still he said nothing as he sat there on horseback, gazing out over our heads.

Finally he began to singsong at us in Navaho. I protested in English, for I knew no Navaho in the summer of 1939, and neither did my wife. But he went right on talking.

For five minutes he kept it up. Then he stopped and looked at us directly for the first time and said in crisp English, "Where do you two jerks come from, anyway?" Then he tossed a thumb over his shoulder, muttered something about the trading post, and cantered off.

When a Navaho calls you a jerk, he is quite serious. Because he believes that no other race on earth really exists! Only Navahos are real. All others are just human shadows. White men are killed animals' souls.

Such superiority is bound to have numerous weird and amusing outlets. The most striking of these is the "chindi" or spirit; along with the four major chindis (those of the wind, thunder, bear, and snake), the Navahos have a spirit for everything. The purification ceremonies for having gotten yourself in bad with one of these chindis are more complex than the Navaho verb, a little trinket with some 40,000 forms all to itself.

I had my first experience with a chindi during the second summer I spent among the Navahos. I was standing at the counter of the Monument Valley trading post, dressed in shorts and sport shirt, when some instinct made me look behind me. There, not two feet away, his right hand extended as if to pinch me, crouched an evilly grinning old Navaho. He stopped moving in on me when he saw me watching him, but he kept making pinching gestures toward my legs, the diabolical grin fixed on his toothless face. No, he wasn't a chindi himself, but he was as realistic a substitute as I care to encounter.

Just as I was about to ask him what he wanted, the trader looked over the counter to see what was going on, and roared at me not to let the old coot touch me. I started to laugh, but the look on the trader's face stopped me. He came around the counter and shooed the Navaho out of the post.

When he came back, wiping his face with a huge bandanna, I asked, "Why did you do that? What was he after?"

Then he told me. The old Navaho had been after some hair from my legs. Apparently a purification ceremony for someone who had offended a chindi was in the offing. For these ceremonies a portion of a white man's body, be he dead or alive, is required. In this case my leg hair would have served nicely.

"But what do they do with it?" I persisted, my smile indicating how seriously I was taking the story.

"Listen," the trader frowned. "Don't be so merry about it. They wrap up whatever part of you they can get in a leather sack. Then they fire a bullet or an arrow through the sack. First the one who fires the arrow or bullet dies, then you die."

"And what good does that do?"

"It satisfies the offended chindi."

"Sounds like voodoo from the West Indies," I laughed.

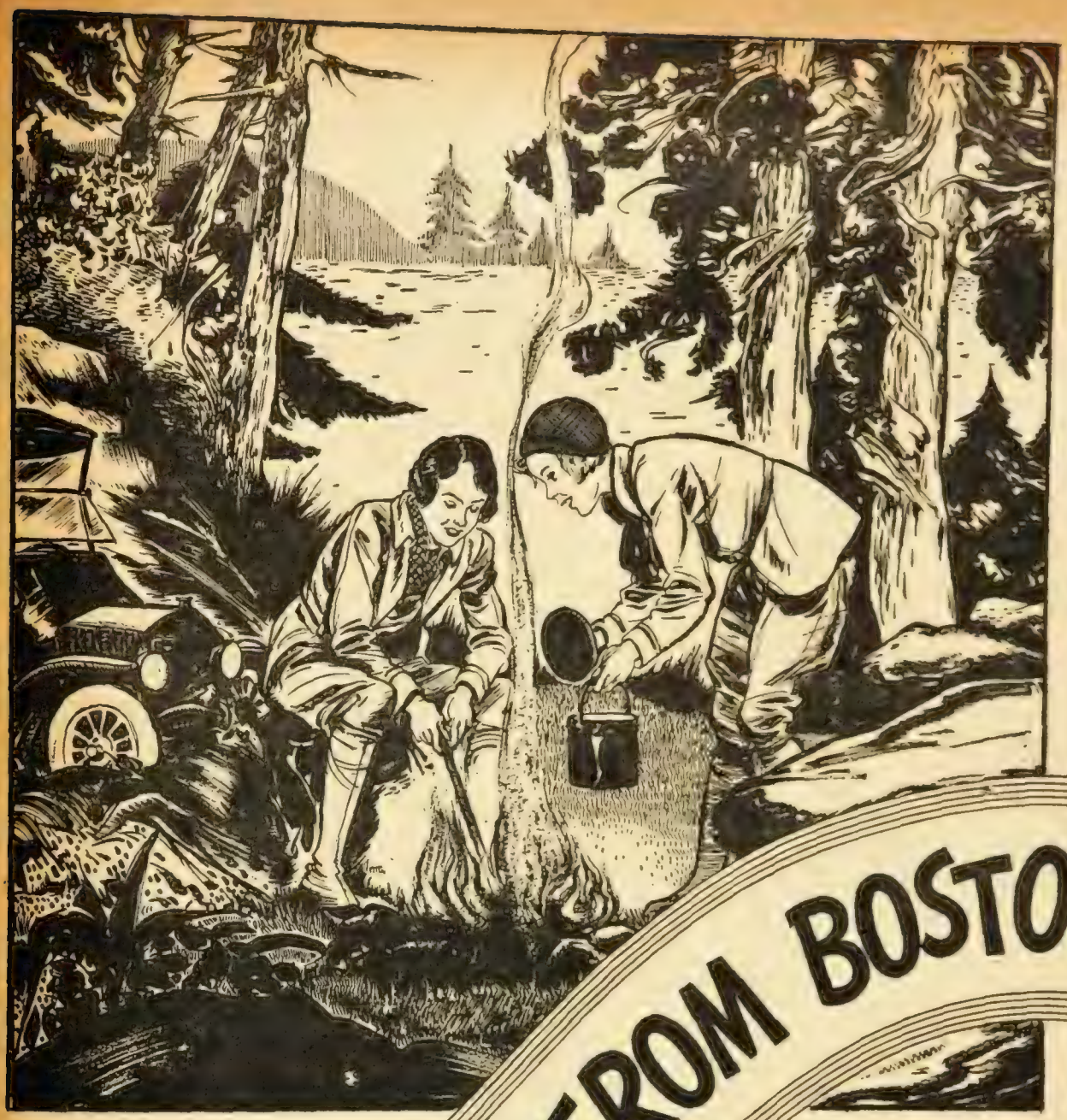
"You been to college," muttered the trader. "That's the trouble with you." And he refused to discuss it any further.

One of the most serious offenses against a chindi is that of walking in the footsteps of a bear. Since the bear's spirit is one of the big four among the Navahos, the purification ceremony is elaborate. This is true also of tromping on a snake's tracks or killing one. As for the wind, you dare not whistle against it. And if you work when the thunder rolls in heaven, be prepared to foot the bill for a very expensive purification "sing."

In the land of the Navaho everything is covered with taboos which only a Navaho medicine man, for twenty dollars, can deal with, once you've violated them. Strange ethics make it a matter of little consequence if you murder your father, but a very grave offense if you murder him, bury him under the floor of your hogan, or hut, and continue to live there. About the only Navaho notion that would make real sense to us is the stern injunction that if ever you set eyes on your mother-in-law, you must undergo the most complex purification ceremony known. Her chindi, it seems, is a *real* stinker!

To all this antique witchcraft the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington turns a deaf ear. What it can do to educate the Navaho, it does in its schools. Beyond that it minds its own business.

THE END



A LONG WAY FROM BOSTON

BY BETH O'SHEA

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE TETZEL

When Kit Crandall fell heir to Henrietta, a Model T Ford, she and her friend, Beth O'Shea, set out for California over their families' protests. In the 1920s that was daring. They skirted bankruptcy, camped next to a bandit, were introduced to strip poker, fell in love, and stole the spotlight at the Pendleton Round-up.

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

Copyright, 1946, by Beth O'Shea. Published by Whittlesey House, New York, N. Y. Price $2.75.

THIS morning's mail brought a letter from Kit Crandall enclosing a newspaper clipping about Independence, Missouri—President Truman's home town.

"Remember it?" she had written in the margin.

I certainly did remember it! That was the place where she and I spent the night in the racing stable with the two grooms.

It was one of the things we never wrote home about for we had a feeling our families wouldn't approve. In New England, ever since bundling went out, sleeping had been considered a very private affair. Naturally, when Kit and I—two girls just out of school—started to drive across the country in a Model-T Ford, our major problem at first was how we were going to sleep and not get caught at it. Hotels were often many miles apart in the early 1920s and, even if they hadn't been, our slim budget wasn't geared to hotel bills.

Eventually, we learned to spread our blankets wherever we happened to be when night came down and, if the night was rainy, we grabbed any shelter that offered.

More than once a startled housewife found us stretched on her porch when she came to take in the morning paper. By that time we had been a year on the road and were conditioned to public sleeping.

"Weren't you scared?" people used to ask us. "Didn't you ever have any unpleasant experiences?"

I can't remember that we did—at least not the kind they probably meant. Going through an old trip diary recently, I was startled by a cryptic sentence: "Another milkman attacked us before we were up." I suppose I was referring to some enterprising soul who called around at a tourist camp trying to sell bottles of milk.

It was the Boston rooming house that had brought Kit and me together. I had come down from a small town in New Hampshire, and Kit from an even smaller village in Vermont. We were both starting on our first jobs and were grimly determined to prove to our somewhat skeptical familes that we, too, could start at the bottom of the ladder and work up in the New England tradition.

Kit—her name was Catherine Crandall—was teaching dancing in a private school in Brookline. I was writing routine ads and doing mail-order shopping in one of those old-fashioned department stores that still did a brisk business in men's nightshirts and ladies' corset covers.

The old rooming house was kept by two elderly sisters, Miss Baxter and Mrs. Clayborne, who still clung to their concept of Beacon Hill gentility and always referred to their roomers as "paying guests."

I was New England Irish, and that sort were strict enough in their ideas of what was and was not done. But the Yankees were even stricter, and Kit was Yankee through and through. Her town was more insular than mine and revolved entirely around the Prescott family who owned the blanket factory. Mal Prescott, the youngest son, had married Kit's sister Mary and they had moved to California. If Mary had gone West in a covered wagon, she wouldn't have seemed more of a pioneer to us. All through our childhood, travel had meant "going to Boston."

At first it was enough for us just to be actually *living* in Boston, to be earning our own way and making what we thought were our own decisions. It was the year when everybody was talking about the New Freedom, but Boston girls did not drink, smoke, use lipstick or indulge in necking parties on the back seats of cars. If we had callers we sat with them in the stiff little parlor, usually chaperoned by Miss Baxter and Mrs. Clayborne.

Our guest that impressed them most was a handsome six-footer we met at one of those charity balls they were always giving at the Copley-Plaza. We had been impressed by him ourselves, not only because of his rugged good looks and his fatal charm but because he owned a low red Stutz. He had asked if he might call, and when we came in the following Sunday afternoon, we found him sitting with the old ladies, much too big for the Heppelwhite chair and nervously balancing a teacup on his knee.

"*Such* a nice young man," Miss Baxter said later. "Very presentable and with *beautiful* manners. Sister and I both think he will go far."

As things turned out, he did. His name is Walter Pidgeon!

DURING our first spring in Boston, Kit had gone home to spend her Easter vacation in Vermont, and the afternoon she got back she called me at the store.

"I'll meet you when you're through work," she said. "I've got a surprise."

When I got out at six I had my first look at Henrietta as we coyly christened her. She was a 1918 Model-T Ford roadster, painted black. Kit's mother, the only woman driver in their town, had used the roadster for four years to get to committee meetings and sewing circles. Then Mary and Mal Prescott, on their first visit from California since their marriage, had bought Mrs. Crandall a shiny new Cadillac, and Kit had inherited Henrietta.

I can't remember at just what point we began talking about driving across the continent. I'm sure the idea was mine originally, for I was always reading Walt Whitman, Bliss Carman, Vachel Lindsay and all that company of vagabonds who sang nostalgically of the open road and far horizons. It was Kit, on the other hand, who got the maps and did the figuring on the backs of envelopes about the number of miles per gallon. It was she who said, "Let's do it. Let's start May 31." That date coincided with the close of her school year.

We expected opposition and nobody can say we didn't get it. In the first place, that wasn't done. Maybe a

couple of fellows could do it as a stunt, but not two girls alone. There would very likely be bears and Indians and maybe wolves. We thought so, too, but we weren't going to worry about them until they were actually breathing down our necks.

What did worry us was the question of money. Although we had been brought up in the thrifty tradition of putting by a little cash each week, we had less than a hundred dollars apiece in our savings accounts.

"Vachel Lindsay," I pointed out, "started out on the road without a penny. He used to stop at houses and sell his rhymes for bread."

Kit didn't think that sounded very practical and anyhow, what would we use for rhymes? Eventually, we decided upon aprons—frilly affairs made of cretonne. For eighteen dollars and sixty-five cents, we bought three dozen from a wholesaler and planned to sell them at a profit to farm women. That, we thought, would take care of our food and keep gas and oil in Henrietta.

Those were the days before slacks, so we bought khaki riding breeches, leather coats and sweaters. We got a rubber tarpaulin and some army blankets. As for the collapsible water buckets, shovels, tow ropes, axes and pulleys that friends said we would need, we scorned them all.

When the great day approached, Kit went home for the week end to say good-by to her mother. Not daring to face a battery of irate aunts who had been expressing

their opinion by letter, I persuaded my father to come down, and we had a last dinner together at Young's Hotel. When I was a child and used to go with him to Boston on his business trips, we always went to Young's.

My father was a little man with an odd sort of dignity. As long as I could remember, he never had gone out of his way to meet anybody, but people always came to him, eager for his approval because it was hard to get. He never said anything he didn't mean or did anything he didn't believe in. Definitely, he didn't believe in the trip and he wasn't going to say so even at the last moment.

"I wanted to do something to make you proud of me," I tried to tell him.

"Proud of you!" He glared at me from beneath his black, bushy eyebrows in utter amazement. "Proud of having my daughter dress up in pants and go gallivanting through the country like a common tramp? Or like a peddler," he added, remembering the aprons. "But I can see you're bound to try it, so go ahead. Don't be ashamed to give it up if you have to, and if you're sick or in any trouble, let me know."

OUR first experience with bad roads came on the fifth day out. At Niagara, after we had put on slickers and gone behind the Falls with the honeymooners and other tourists, we learned that there were two ways to get to Detroit. One was the Lincoln Highway that we had been following all along; the other, which nobody ever used, they said, was on the Canadian side with dirt roads all the way.

"Let's try that," I suggested brightly. "It will be thrilling to be in a country where they speak French. They'll probably make a great fuss over us."

What I really wanted was to get off the beaten track and that we surely did. We did not see another car, and the farmers trundling past in their heavy wagons stared at us blankly. After we left the Customs inspectors, who were more amused than impressed by our intense honesty, nobody smiled and nobody spoke.

All afternoon we followed a road that ran parallel to Lake Erie but never quite reached it. The dust billowed around us in dense clouds, a burning wind blew constantly across the fields, and the maple trees withered in the heat. Soon Henrietta's tires began to pop like firecrackers, and we learned the art of changing them by the process of trial and error. Six o'clock found us plowing doggedly along. We had stopped speaking to each other by that time.

"Look!" Kit said suddenly, and as we rounded a curve, there was Lake Erie at last. There wasn't a soul on the long stretch of desolate beach, and we got out our bathing suits and, undressing modestly in the lee of the car, ventured in.

Later, as we drove on, we began to discuss the question of where we would spend the night. Kit was against trying to find a room in a town, but the beach was so hard and rocky, it wasn't inviting.

"If we could find an armful of hay to put down . . ." I began, and looked longingly at a big red barn.

"We'll ask for some," Kit decided, swinging the car into the farmyard.

A light was burning in the kitchen window of the farmhouse and a short, bow-legged man was coming toward us with a lantern. Painstakingly Kit dredged up the words to make the formal request in French. *"S'il vous plait, M'sieur, nous—nous voulons—coucher—sur votre foin."*

He hesitated a while, then turning back toward the barn, he motioned us to follow, so we scrambled out of the car. Inside the barn, it was close and warm. A ladder led up to the haymow and he gestured toward it with the lantern. Evidently we were supposed to help ourselves.

I started up and Kit was right behind me with the flashlight when we heard the rumble of the big door sliding to on its roller. A padlock clicked on the outside. We tumbled back down the ladder and stood staring at each other in the dim circle of our own light. Why had he locked us in? Did he plan to come back later and molest us?

"If we only had my gun," Kit moaned, but the gun—the little pearl-handled pistol she had purchased for protection when she came to live on Beacon Hill—was packed in the suitcase outside.

We began beating on the door. Nothing happened except that a horse snorted at the racket. We climbed the ladder again and took turns holding the flashlight while we hollowed out a nest. Then we lay in the hot darkness. The hay scratched our necks and filtered into our clothes. We were in terror of bats and rats, but most of all of The Man.

"Say, Kit," I said suddenly, "I think that French Canadian thought we asked to sleep on his hay instead of for hay to sleep on."

She remembered back. *"Sur votre foin."* It could have been that. Holding hard to that comforting theory we managed to get a little sleep.

At the first streak of dawn the doors of our prison slid open, and our jailor's surly expression gave way to something that was almost a grin as we came down the ladder. We must have looked very miserable with the hay sticking to our clothes and our hair drooping forlornly around our dirt-streaked faces.

He watched us get into the car, flinging *beaucoup merci's* and *au'voirs* over our shoulders, and then, as his eye fell on our Massachusetts license plate, he said in perfectly good English, "You're a long way from home."

THAT night, as we limped aboard the ferry for Detroit, a boy on the boat pointed to the rear left tire. "It's flat," he said. We drove into Detroit on the rim and stopped at the first restaurant we came to. Fortified with large American steaks, we felt better able to tackle a patching job, but we didn't have to. When we got back to Henrietta we found an interested group gathered around her.

"Ain't you girls scared to come so far west?" one man asked.

Presently we found ourselves sitting on the curb telling them all about the trip while they fixed the tire.

"Them pants you're wearing," said one of our new friends, "now here, we been around, so we don't mind them. But I'm surprised them hicks in Canada even let you drive through a town with them things on."

We looked at our dusty khakis and realized we'd forgotten about them. Maybe the West was beginning. . . .

I think, though, that the West did not actually begin for us until we bobbed our hair. We had talked of doing it before we left Boston. The vogue begun by Irene Castle was spreading rapidly, and people were beginning to concede that every short-haired woman was not necessarily a dangerous Red.

In Chicago our first stop, of course, was at the post office General Delivery window. We had been writing back telling everybody to catch us at Chicago and, as a result, we adjourned to a bench in Lincoln Park to read two large armfuls of mail.

Suddenly Kit whooped beside me. She had opened a letter and a check for twenty-five dollars had fallen out. "We know," her sister Mary had written tactfully, "that you want no help on the actual trip, but we think you won't mind our treating you to a luxury interval in Chicago. Take a room at the Blackstone and have fun. . . ."

An hour later we were comfortably settled in a double room with a bath and a view, and our best crepe dresses were being pressed by the hotel valet. That night we went to see *For Goodness Sake* with Fred and Adele Astaire. Adele's hair was bobbed and that decided us. Next morning we presented ourselves to the Blackstone barber and were shorn.

"Now I know I'll never go back to school teaching," said Kit.

The first day out of Chicago was bright and windy, and feeling recklessly gay and relaxed we skimmed along in our well-behaved Henrietta. Last night in the hotel room, we had been figuring finances. Cash was shrinking. Hereafter we would camp and we would also sell aprons. We would start now—today.

"Where you from?" the first housewife we approached demanded suspiciously.

"Boston."

"Boston? Well, I declare." She yelled suddenly, "Grandmaw, come out here."

Grandmaw came out. She was a wizened old lady, close to ninety and very deaf.

"Here's two girls from Boston. *Boston,*" the woman screamed into her ear and gestured toward us.

"Boston?" The old lady cackled. "Well, they're a long ways from home, ain't they? Your Uncle Jim had a boy who run away to Boston once—used to drive one of them horsecars there. . . ."

More members of the family filtered into the big cluttered kitchen and regarded us, but not the aprons, with lively interest.

"They're right pretty," said the drab daughter-in-law. "I saw some just like 'em in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue that come last week. . . . How long you figure it'll take you to git to Californy?"

We gave it up and talked about the trip. We had no better luck at the next place, or the next. We found that, when it came to spending the egg money, farm women would take phonograph records. But the idea of getting into a car and taking off for parts unknown held an irresistible appeal, and they were willing to feed us milk and cookies and slabs of apple pie while they heard about it. As we went along, we worked up quite an act, stooging each other, but we didn't sell aprons.

We made our first camp near Clinton on a bank of the Mississippi. It was twilight when we came to the big river, and men in shantyboats were net fishing in the brown water tinged with the pink of sunset. Houseboats were drawn up along the shore, and we stopped for a while to talk with an old watchman who was peacefully smoking a stubby pipe on the tiny deck of one of them.

"Yessir, she's a grand old river," he told us. "Course there ain't much river traffic up this far any more. Sometimes a Sunday excursion from St. Louis, but that's about all. What you'd ought to do is get yourself a barge and float all the way down to N'Orleans. Then you'd see something."

We were to learn as we went along that Henrietta was seldom ready to start after a night in the open, and we developed a regular morning routine. We would get everything packed, put on our coats, sweaters and scarves and climb in. Kit would step on the starter and of course nothing would happen. We would look surprised, prime the engine and try some more. Still no result. Then I would get out and turn over the crank.

Eventually a man would saunter over. "What's the matter? Won't she start?"

"Oh, yes," one of us would say cheerfully, "but she's a little cold."

"Guess she needs spinning."

So he'd spin, and then all the other men in camp would decide he was doing it wrong. It would develop into a contest and finally, when Henrietta got good and ready, she would give a giggling sound inside her, and then settle down to the steady rattle which meant business. We'd toot off, leaving the perspiring mob congratulating the fellow who finally got the result.

IN Denver, after we had taken a quick look at Buffalo Bill's grave, which all tourists seemed required by law to do first, we thought we'd see how bungalow aprons would sell. In an hour we cleared four dollars and eighty-five cents and had become convinced that we shouldn't miss running down to Colorado Springs to climb Pike's Peak. According to the Denver matrons, it was the number one wonder of the world.

It was on the Colorado Springs jaunt that we ran into Pat Gilhouley, the Irish storyteller. We saw him first in a little store at the foot of Pike's Peak sitting on a cracker barrel entertaining a group of loungers. I asked what part of Ireland he came from. He said he was born in Tralee, which was the Kerry town my grandfather had left in 1840.

"Did you ever hear of Yankee Shea?" I asked eagerly.

"I did that," said Pat. "The old people used to tell of him often. When he came back for the visit and would walk down the street of Tralee in his silk hat and swinging that stick of his, there wasn't a girl in the place but would turn her head to look after him."

It seemed the most wonderful coincidence to meet somebody who had actually known that little spot in Kerry, who even knew the old songs The Yankee used to sing for me when I was a child.

"What time would we have to start to get to the top of Pike's Peak for the sunrise?" we asked Pat.

We'd have to start in the middle of the night, he said, and there would be mountain lions and bears along the trail. We'd be sick from the altitude and freezing from the cold and more than likely they'd have to bring us back on the stretchers. The thing to do, he went on, was to pay six dollars apiece and ride with him in comfort in the specially geared Nash he drove for the tourists. He was taking a party of three next day.

Twelve dollars was a lot of money. "You're sure we couldn't make it in our own Ford?" we asked dubiously.

"You could not," he said flatly. "But I'll make it a sporting proposition." He dug into his pocket. "We'll toss a coin. If it comes heads I'll hike with you and if it's tails you'll ride with me and pay."

It was tails.

As we left for the tourist camp, the others were making side bets that we wouldn't show up in the morning, but we were there promptly at seven.

We saw all of what Pat called "wondrous works of Nature." At the Peak's top we stood among the snowdrifts and admired the view, along with a lot of other people.

"I still wish we'd done it on foot," I said as we started down. "A mountain is no good unless you earn it."

Pat grinned. "All right, me brave lady. I'm thinking I'll be letting you girls earn a mountain by and by."

When we were back in Manitou and had dropped off the excess passengers, he kept on going and we drove along a winding trail until we came to an open space where great jagged needles of rock rose perpendicularly for hundreds of feet like groups of gothic spires. It was the Garden of the Gods.

There was one giant rock which towered above all the others and Pat said it was called the Tower of Babylon. "If it's climbin' you want," he said, "go up now."

We looked at the sheer rocky walls. It was impossible and he knew it.

"Oh, and so it's an easy way you'd be wanting. Come then," and he led us around to the other side where a tiny path wound up among the ledges, though often, as we climbed, he had to lie flat on a narrow shelf and pull us up by sheer strength. The sun went down before we went slithering down the steep side of the Tower of Babylon to the car. As we drove along the twisting trail, the moon flooded the Garden with ghostly enchantment.

At the tourist camp, somebody at one of the fires was playing a mournful accordion and singing, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

"Listen, Pat," I said, "there's an Irish song for you."

"It's for me surely," he said sombrely, "in more ways than one." Then he told us his last story. When he was fifteen he had left Tralee and shipped to Melbourne as a cabin boy. He had found work there and sent back for a girl at home to come out and join him. They had been married a year when she died and he had made the long journey back to Ireland, taking her body for burial. Her name, he said, was Kathleen.

When we said good night, Pat pulled out a roll of bills and gave back the twelve dollars we had paid him that morning. We protested until he produced the coin he had tossed and, as he held it up in the glare of the car lamps, we saw that it glistened "tails" on both sides. And he told us it was never a good idea to let the other lad make the toss. "Good-by to you now," he said. "A good journey and a safe homing."

THE high altitude of Colorado hadn't agreed with Henrietta's carburetor, but in Wyoming she picked up wonderfully. The country was beautiful—rolling prairies carpeted with pink and blue desert flowers, and there was always a fresh wind bringing the clean pungent smell of the sagebrush. On both sides were soft red buttes and beyond them the snow-capped Big Horn Mountains.

We got to Casper on the night before the Fourth of July. They had told us there were six men to every girl in Casper, which had prejudiced us slightly in its favor. The tourist camp was crowded, for an oil company was

having a barbecue on Casper Mountain next day, and in the evening there would be "the finest fireworks ever sent up in Wyoming."

A big blue touring car swung in and parked way over at the edge of the lot away from the other people. There was just one man in it, dark and romantic looking and dressed in city clothes. He had no tent or equipment. He seemed to be preparing to sleep on the back seat, and he turned in at once without a word to anybody. That wasn't according to tourist-camp etiquette.

Next morning we overslept and found when we awakened that the blue car was the only one except ours left in camp. Its curtains were still drawn.

This camp had shower baths provided by the oil company, so while Kit drove out to the gas pump to get the tank filled, I thought I'd investigate. It would be nice to be all clean and shining for the barbecue, especially if our handsome man showed up at it later.

With a large towel draped over my arm and the soap dish clutched in my hand, I ambled over to the small wooden building, still unpainted and smelling of new lumber. I slid out of my clothes, hung them on a hook and stepped inside one of the stalls. The door, with its shining automatic lock, clicked to behind me.

A minute later I was shivering in a stream of icy water. With chattering teeth I applied the soap vigorously, rinsed it off, and called it a bath. I turned off the water then and fumbled at the lock of the door with wet fingers. It didn't turn. I wrenched at it wildly. Then I draped the towel around me and began beating on the boards and calling for help.

Presently I heard a deep masculine voice say, "All right, take it easy. I'll get you out."

Some sort of sharp instrument was inserted in the lock, the door swung open instantly and I found myself face to face with the man we had been wanting so much to meet.

"Sorry," he said, closing the door quickly, "but be careful not to let it click."

"Th-thanks," I managed to call. "I don't know how you did it so easily."

"It's all in knowing how," he called back.

Kit returned and chortled over my glamorless rescue. "It's a beginning anyway," she decided. "He'll have to speak to us now if we meet at the barbecue."

But though we kept a sharp lookout for our hero, he didn't show up. At sunset we went back down the mountain, and heard big news. It seemed that while everybody was at the barbecue, somebody had overpowered the watchman at the oil plant and robbed the safe.

IN the morning we got an early start. The bandit was very much on our minds. Suddenly a Chevrolet appeared behind us. We were on a narrow road and it seemed best to swing in toward the cliff and let it pass. To our horror, it dropped back. The driver was leaning out shaking his head. He had several days' growth of beard and he was grinning in a sinister fashion.

We tore along, but he held to our speed. At times he shouted at us. Kit's little pearl-handled revolver was, as usual, packed in the suitcase, but I armed myself with a wrench that happened to be on the seat.

At long last we rounded a curve at the top of a hill and saw the town of Cody nestling in the valley below. We coasted down into it, only to be stopped at a railroad crossing by a passing freight train. Our pursuer pulled up beside us.

"You needn't have been so scared," he said, "I'm a State detective." He drew aside his coat and displayed a shining badge the size of a sunflower. "I was keeping with you in case you ran into trouble. There's a bandit loose around these parts. Had a little robbery over in Casper yesterday. He's a young feller, good looking and well dressed. Drivin' a big blue touring car."

Kit and I looked at each other in sudden comprehension, and he asked quickly, "You ain't seen anybody like that?"

Kit opened her mouth to answer, but I hastily put in, "No . . . no, we haven't seen anybody all day."

The officer of the law moved on, but Kit and I pulled over to the side of the road to recover. Suddenly we both broke into hysterical laughter.

"No wonder," gasped Kit, "that your knight was so handy with the shower lock. He was an expert."

Cody was winding up a three-day rodeo and the place had gone crazy. All rules were off. On the night before, they told us, the boys had ridden their horses right into the hotel and shot out the chandeliers.

In the middle of Main Street a dance floor was roped off, and after dinner we parked Henrietta beside it to watch the fun. There was a three-piece orchestra—a fiddle, a horn and a "gee-tar"—and if the musicians played with more energy than skill, their customers danced that way too.

A couple of the boys were standing near us in chaps and spurs, ten-gallon hats and boots with stitched tops and high heels. They were attractive, especially the big one. He was pretty old, of course—we guessed he must be thirty—but his long dark face and high cheekbones and his intent, deep-set eyes made him look like an Indian or, as Kit said, a little like Bill Hart. He was wearing a big red silk handkerchief knotted above his black and white checkered shirt, and we agreed that it would make a wonderful souvenir to take home.

He caught us looking, so he smiled and he and his pal strolled over. "I'm jes' rarin' to dance," he said.

Kit, who was lucky enough to be on his side, climbed out with great alacrity and he swept her away. I tried to make conversation with the shy one whose vocabulary seemed limited to an occasional "Yes, Ma'am," and "No, Ma'am."

Kit came back presently—without the handkerchief—and we all went over to the drugstore where we ate enormous banana splits. The boys talked about the rodeo and received congratulations from passing friends about the money they had won that day in the events.

"I think these ladies ought to come up to Kirkbrides' and stay awhile," Rex said to Slim when we had talked awhile. The Kirkbrides it seemed, ran a cow camp up the creek where the boys were working, and Jenny would be right glad to have us. It was lonesome for her up there with no women around and she came from the east herself. Came out to teach school and got married to Len Kirkbride the first year. The East, we discovered, was Omaha, not Boston, but even so, we promised to drive out and call on Jenny next morning. We couldn't stay long, we explained, because we hadn't much money and had to be getting on to the Coast where we could get some jobs.

"Oh, that's all right," Rex said easily. "Nobody out here ever thinks of taking board from folks that only stay two-three weeks. It wouldn't cost you nothing."

Jenny Kirkbride turned out to be a small, wiry, brown-faced girl in her late twenties, with lively dark eyes that crinkled at the corners. She was wearing blue levis and a flannel shirt.

"You're just in time for dinner," she said. "Come on in."

The main house had two rooms—a bedroom and a big

kitchen. Across the yard were the bunkhouse for Rex and Slim, various other small buildings, and a corral.

Just as Rex had prophesied, Jenny really was glad to see us. As she moved about getting dinner on the table, she told us that she and Len ran the place for Wilbur Morrison, an Easterner who had come out and turned rancher. He had his own home ranch twenty miles away but kept fifteen hundred head of cattle at the cow camp, and a dozen horses.

Len came in presently—a tall, quiet man with sandy, graying hair and a slow smile. He, too, seemed glad that we had come and hoped we'd stay awhile.

We sat down to T-bone steaks, each the size of our plates, baked potatoes, hot biscuits and gravy, and rhubarb pie and coffee. After dinner the men had to get back to work. Sunday was just like any other day on a ranch. Jenny said if they'd wrangle us some horses we'd ride back to the pasture with them.

I had to confess that I didn't ride, though Kit had once taken a dozen lessons at a Boston riding academy.

"Well, you'll learn," Jenny said confidently. "The only thing is these horses out here aren't used to women and sometimes they act up, but we'll make Rex find you some gentle ones."

"Couldn't we walk to the pasture?" I asked hopefully.

"The men would never stop kidding you if you did," she told me. "They saddle a pony just to go across the road. Nobody ever walks anywhere in the West."

The horse they brought for me was a small sorrel named Billy. Rex hoisted me into the deep Western saddle, and showed me how to hold the reins and guide by the neck. He had me ride several times around the corral and said I'd be all right.

THE trail to the heifer pasture ran along the rim of a deep valley filled with misty yellow cottonwoods. The blue lupin, the wild sweet pea, and the fruit trees were bursting into bloom. The pasture was in the valley between sagebrush hills topped with red rim rock. Jenny said that in the height of the calving season Len kept a tent and a blanket roll at the pasture and often spent a night up here. Sometimes she came with him for company. It sounded romantic, I thought, keeping a night watch with your husband under the stars.

"You have a wonderful life," I told her impulsively.

"Most Easterners wouldn't think so," she said. "There's an awful lot of work and no conveniences."

"But you like it," Kit said. "You're happy."

Jenny laughed. "I don't get much time to think whether I'm happy or not. . . ." After a moment, she went on. "Yes, I'm happy. When I first came out I wasn't. The first Christmas was twenty below and we were snowed in, and I was so homesick I was ready to start right back to Omaha. But Len was so patient and understanding he made me ashamed, so I stuck it out, and now I'm glad."

They were slowly building a herd, she said, and in another year or two they hoped to have a place of their own.

Back at camp, we found that the boss, Wilbur Morrison, had driven in with supplies for the roundup which was to start on Tuesday. He was a plump, pompous little man. "If he's a cattle man," Len said later, "Boston is full of 'em."

After supper Wilbur drove away. We helped Jenny with the dishes and then we sat in the lamp-lit kitchen with the door open to let in the soft summer night. Jenny picked up her mending and asked Rex why he didn't bring over his guitar and play for us. Slim, without much urging, was also persuaded to get his mouth organ and bones from the bunkhouse. It was the first time we'd ever heard cowboy songs, and of course we loved them, rolled out in Rex's rollicking baritone, with Slim's spirited accompaniment on the clacking bones.

Later, Jenny made up the wide cot for us on the porch. After she had gone in, we lay listening to the noise of the creek and talking in whispers.

The light went out over in the bunkhouse, and I sighed dreamily. "I like Rex best of all," I said. "I'd stay out here and marry him in a minute if he'd ask me."

"That's the way I feel too," the practical Kit confessed surprisingly. "I guess we'd better get away from here the first thing in the morning."

The creek rose in the night from the snow melting on the mountains, and toward dawn the bridge went out with a great crash. There was nothing they could do until the water went down except to put some planks over it to walk on, and there was no way of getting our car out. Jenny said that was good news for her. She was going to need plenty of help feeding the roundup gang.

In the middle of the morning Wilbur Morrison parked his car on the far side of the creek and came gingerly across the footbridge.

"You think we should go ahead with the roundup?" he asked doubtfully.

"Why not?" said Len. "We can always swim the horses across."

Wilbur said he'd stopped at Cliff Bailey's on the way over and Cliff's bridge was still holding. "He says he's got a side of elk over there that you can have to feed the gang if there's somebody to go after it," he added. "Why don't the girls go? They can take my car."

Jenny was glad of an excuse to get away, so after midday dinner, the three of us went. We found Cliff breaking a bronc, so we sat on the corral fence and watched. Jenny said he broke wild horses at fifteen dollars a head and made quite a good thing of it. He turned the horse loose

presently and went to the smokehouse and cut off a great haunch which filled the whole luggage compartment of the car.

"I'll be over early in the morning," he said as we drove off. "Don't forget to have plenty of hot cakes. I don't dirty my plate for less than ten."

During the three days of the roundup, breakfast was at three-thirty. Kit and I offered to get up and help, but Jenny said no—there'd be plenty to do later. We would hear her moving about in the kitchen, and soon the smell of bacon and hot cakes and coffee would come floating out. Rex and Slim would emerge from the bunkhouse and go down to the corral for the horses. Soon the others would clatter up the road, urge their horses across the creek, dismount in the yard and come stomping across the porch. We'd hear the murmur of talk over the hurried, lamp-lit breakfast, and then they'd troop out again and be gone in a great jangling of spurs.

Kit and I never tired of getting Jenny to tell us about ranch life and stories of the men, and somehow we always managed to bring the talk around to Rex.

"Len says he used to be the wildest and best rider he ever knew before he was wounded in the war," she told us. "About twice a year he goes on a real bender for a couple of weeks. Once he roped the smokestack of a freight engine and ended up in the hospital."

One of the reasons Len was glad we came, Jenny went on, was that he thought Rex had been fixing to go to town and start drinking again this week, but he stayed to entertain us so now he was here for the roundup, too.

On the last night of the roundup, the men came riding in, tired but good-natured and laughing as always. They

had branded two hundred and fifty cows that day, averaging one a minute at the end. Wilbur was pleased. The only bad note was that Sonny Wingate, one of the extra men, had come down with tick fever and had to be taken to the hospital in Cody.

Next evening after supper we had just settled down to a session of cowboy songs when Wilbur came riding in with bad news. Sonny Wingate had died. It hit everybody very hard, for Sonny was a great favorite. He had a wife and two small children. After Wilbur had gone, everybody was quiet.

"I'd better ride over there first thing in the morning," Rex said after a while, "and take care of the stock for her until she decides what she wants to do."

Jenny was saying she would get together some provisions for him to take along when I realized, to my horror, that I was going to cry. I dashed for the porch and threw myself down on the cot, burying my head in the pillow.

In a few minutes I heard the door open and somebody sat down beside me. "Move over," Rex said softly, and then he slipped his arm beneath my head and drew me against his shoulder. I held on to him tightly and cried and cried.

"Feel better?" he asked when I sat up at last. He put a handkerchief in my hand.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," I sniffed, mopping my eyes. "I'm sorry about Sonny, but I don't suppose I could be crying for somebody I didn't know at all. . . . It was you, Rex. You're going away in the morning and we're going and—"

"I know."

"How did you know?" I asked, surprised.

I could feel him smile a little in the darkness but he didn't laugh. "Well, you haven't got exactly a poker face, and I can always tell about how people are feeling if I like them." He paused for a minute and then he said it: "I sure like you an awful lot."

"I like *you*," I said in a small voice. "You're so *good*."

He did laugh then. "There's plenty of people would tell you different." He got to his feet and pulled me up beside him. "Come on, let's go in."

As we moved toward the door, I realized suddenly that the handkerchief he had given me was the red one—the one I'd wanted so much.

"May I keep it?" I asked hesitantly.

"Sure, keep it," he said, "then you won't forget me."

"I'll *never* forget you, Rex," I said fervently. And I never did.

WHENEVER anybody says "Yellowstone" even now, I instantly think of hunger and cold. We would have exchanged all the geysers, the hot springs, the petrified trees and the waterfalls for just one hotdog stand by day, or a couple of extra blankets at night in that eight-thousand-foot altitude.

Once you got into Yellowstone, it took three days to get out of it and, if you had healthy young appetites as we had, three days was a long time to live on crackers and chocolate bars. We had heard that there were tourist camps scattered through it, and supposed that there would also be the usual stores and small restaurants. You can't admire scenery on an empty stomach, so, swathed in every sweater and scarf we possessed, we raced through the Park at a smart clip, giving each natural wonder a cursory glance and an occasional polite "Oh" or "Ah." Somewhere we passed over another Continental Divide, and on the last day (it was the fourteenth of July) we rode through a mild snowstorm.

That night we made camp on the shore of a little lake. It was a pretty spot among giant pine trees, and the lake was full of fish jumping merrily in the twilight. Having no rod and line, we drove on to the big hotel near by.

Our cash was getting too low to warrant our eating in the hotel dining room, so we conferred with the chef at the kitchen door. No, he couldn't sell us any food, he said firmly. That was definitely against the rules, but, seeing our disappointment, he relented sufficiently to give us, for free, a can of baked beans and a loaf of bread.

Back at the camp we dropped the can into our fire to heat, and as we waited I sliced the bread thick enough so we could pour the beans right onto the slices, for of course we had no plates.

Some University of Texas boys on a geological survey had come into camp with a nice string of fish. Suddenly there was a loud explosion and our bean can shot into the air, showering beans and pork over a radius of several feet. Instantly twenty-four amateur geologists were gathered about us. They invited us to share their supper and plied us with lake trout, potatoes, prunes, apricots, bread, cake and cocoa.

Next day we made our exit from the Park and into the state of Montana. At the ranger station where we checked out, we ran into the Park publicity man. He was on the trail of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who was driving through on her way to Cody to make a statue of Buffalo Bill. The press agent interviewed us in passing and sent his story to each of our hometown papers.

"For complete self-possession," he wrote, "and unconcern as to the hazards of the open road, these girls from Boston were voted the champions among the rangers who are accustomed to regard visitors as tender plants requiring attention and protection."

MONTANA in those days, was mostly a wilderness of tumbled mountains, roaring rivers, gorges and deep blue lakes. Glacier National Park had been established but it was still undeveloped, and it was impossible to explore much of it by automobile. From Belton, just outside the Park, there was a road in as far as Lake McDonald, a deep, intensely blue mountain lake which we crossed on a little public launch. From the other side of it, we hiked up a trail to Sperry Glacier Chalet where we took our bearings and considered whether or not we would climb the Glacier.

As it turned out, there was nothing dangerous about it, though it was a stiff climb and we were panting and perspiring when we came out on the great ice field where the July sun had melted deep pools.

"I'm going to take a dip," Kit told me. "There isn't a soul around."

It would be fun to write home and say you went swimming on a glacier. I joined her.

"Whew! It sure is icy!" I exclaimed as I slipped gingerly into the water which was about waist deep.

From somewhere near by we heard a low, derisive whistle. We both ducked and looked wildly around, but we couldn't see anybody. It came again. That time we thought we spotted the rock behind which our Peeping Tom was hiding. The next time it came, we were sure of it. We certainly couldn't stay there with the freezing water up to our necks indefinitely, so we scrambled out, leaped into our trousers, shirts and shoes and with the rest of our things clutched in our hands, we raced toward the trail. Half-way down it we stopped. Nobody seemed to be pursuing, so we finished dressing and went on.

Later, an old gold prospector we met near Flathead Lake told us that what we had heard was a marmot. They were small animals, he said, something like prairie dogs, and they whistled "just like a human."

From Montana, we crossed a corner of Idaho into the state of Washington and came into Spokane, the first real city we'd encountered since Chicago. We went over to the hotel to write some letters. Our cash was about gone, so we got beds in the Y.W.C.A. dormitory for fifty cents apiece. But doing that never prevented us from using hotel writing rooms and stationery when we were stopping in cities. On the desk beside me was a Seattle *Times*. A large-type box hit me right in the eye.

"Are you young?" it asked. "Are you adventurous and ambitious and alive? Can you write crisp, breezy, compelling advertising copy with a tang in it? We are a young agency," it went on chattily, "but we are growing. We are growing up with Seattle and we are going places. We are looking for a bright young woman who can grow up with us—a girl with the pioneer spirit."

"Seattle, here we come," I cried, tearing out the ad. "I'm going to get this job."

Next morning we were up and away at the crack of dawn and made the run in a day and a half.

I got the job, and for four dollars a week we found a large pleasant room. Henrietta was retired to a garage for

rest and an overhauling. In our first flush of anticipated wealth, we even ordered a new eleven-dollar top to replace the old one which had been worn through by the heavy apron box.

When I got home after my first day at work, Kit was wearing a satisfied expression. She had taken that box to the merchandise manager of a big store, and cast her problem and the aprons right in his lap. He could have them for what we had paid. We didn't care about profit, she told him. When he stopped laughing, he made out a check without even looking at his purchase.

For a day Kit tried berry picking over on Vashon Island. For a week she worked as a messenger for a bank, and then one night she came in wearing a neat little black uniform and white apron under her coat. From a pocket she whipped out a frilled cap and set it jauntily on her cropped head. She had taken a job as second maid at one of the Victorian mansions on Queen Anne Hill. The man of the house was a rough diamond who had made a fortune in the Alaska trade, and his wife had once been a waitress in a lumber camp. Now that their pretty daughter had reached a marriageable age, they were eager to do things right so that she would make the proper impression.

"All I have to do is dust and serve dinner," Kit said. "The rest of the time I polish silver. Pretty soon I'm going to start teaching them how to use forks."

I liked Seattle and so did Kit, but the trip had spoiled us for staying long in any one place.

We toyed with the idea of taking the last boat up to Fairbanks in the fall and staying there until the ice went out of the river in the spring. By Labor Day we'd have money enough for the trip up, and we could work in a canning factory when we got there. I mentioned the plan to my boss, Mr. Pollock. Did we know, he asked, that up there we'd have to pay ten dollars for a night's lodging for two? That eggs were a dollar apiece? Besides, it wasn't safe—not for women alone. Kit's boss, who had lived there for many years, said much the same thing.

Well any way, we said, we would climb Rainier. We planned to drive there over the Labor Day week end.

"You'll be back," Mr. Pollock said. "People always come back to Seattle."

If we read over the copy I'd been writing about it all those weeks, I was sure we would.

WE reached Paradise Valley through a forest of giant trees. The sky was rich with sunset and over everything was the Alpine glow we had heard about. We sat and watched it give way to purple shadows and the stars come out. Suddenly, we realized that it was going to be a cold night in that altitude, so we went over to the camp and hired ourselves a tent for a dollar and an extra blanket for twenty-five cents.

Three hardy outdoor girls from Seattle had the tent next to ours, and they allowed us to cook our bacon and eggs over their fire. They often drove down here, but never had climbed the mountain. Only the strongest and most experienced climbers could do it without a guide, they told us, and that cost sixteen dollars apiece. Hans, the head guide here, took parties to Camp Muir on the edge of the glacier where they spent the night and then, roped up, went on to the summit next day.

Even after our five weeks' work in Seattle, we couldn't afford thirty-two dollars if we were going to make San Francisco. Still, next morning we went over to the Guide House.

Hans was six feet two, broad-shouldered, fair-haired and blue-eyed. If movie scouts had been at large in the land they would have tapped him for Hollywood without a second glance.

"With me," he said, "with my brother Hugo or any of the others, you are safe. Without . . ." He shrugged eloquently.

"But they told us it was safe as far as Camp Muir," we argued. "Why couldn't we go that far by ourselves?"

"There would be no room for you for the night," he said sourly. "My parties are large on the week ends. There would not be enough bunks or blankets at the hut."

Oh? But if we paid sixteen dollars apiece there would be enough. That didn't make very good sense to us. We would start up Rainier, we decided, and get as far as we could.

By four o'clock in the afternoon, we had found no sign of the hut. The first pink tinge of sunset was touching the peak when we heard a faint hullo. We shouted an answer and it came again. A moment later we rounded a turn and a man was standing on the trail above us.

You'll never make Camp Muir by dark," he told us. "It's another hour's climb from the station."

"The station?"

"Anvil Rock Ranger Station," he said. "I'm the ranger. I stay up here to watch for forest fires."

Tom Anderson was a tall, lean mountain boy with gleaming white teeth and a brown young face. He said that Hans' people always stopped for a cup of tea at his cabin and he had had the kettle boiling for an hour now. As he talked he led us back up the trail.

IT was snug and warm inside the hut with a fire burning in the small woodstove and an oil lamp shedding a yellow glow on the rough table, chair and cot.

As we drank tea, we told Tom what Hans had said about the bunks and blankets at Muir. Evidently the ranger's sense of hospitality was outraged, for he said, "You can sleep right here if you want to. You can have my cot and I'll take the floor."

Hans arrived twenty minutes later.

"So? You came after all," he said.

"Oh, yes," we told him airily. "Tom is going to let us spend the night here. We'll go up to Muir tomorrow after you've left so we won't be putting you out."

He smiled a little grimly. "I see." Then he turned to Tom. "The others will be here in a minute. You give them their tea, but I've got to go back. Girl got altitude sick and I left her down the trail with Hugo."

He left and presently his party came straggling in and Tom poured the tea. He was collecting the cups when the door burst open and Hans came in carrying the girl across his shoulders. He dumped her on Tom's cot.

"She'll have to stay the night here," he said.

Tom hesitated. "I promised the cot to these girls."

"I'll take them on to Muir," Hans said. "I'll find room for them somehow," he added not very graciously.

We wouldn't have been human if we hadn't been pleased at triumphing over Hans, but we said we'd stay and sleep on the floor too. We weren't much at nursing, but we'd help. The girl promptly went to sleep. She had a small, heart-shaped face and long dark lashes lay against her cheek, though her hair was ash blonde.

When the party had gone on we had supper and then played cribbage. At eleven o'clock Kit and I rolled up in blankets and Tom blew out the lamp. We heard him put his own blanket down across the room and his spiked boots thudded on the floor beside him.

"Boston wouldn't care for this at all," I whispered.

In the middle of the night I woke up when Tom put more wood on the fire. The cabin was filled with a strange white light from outside. I saw Tom stop to tuck the blanket closer around the girl on the cot. She stirred and reached her hand up to touch his face.

The next thing I knew it was morning. Tom was getting breakfast and our patient, Helen Compton, was sitting up applying lipstick. She felt fine, she said, and very hungry. She was, we gathered, one of Seattle's gayer young debutantes. She was engaged to a doctor and had driven over to the valley with him and his mother. There had been a quarrel, and Helen had come on the trip to get away from them. When Hans and the party came back, she supposed she'd have to go down with them.

"Maybe I can go down, too, tomorrow night," Tom said eagerly. He explained that the heavy clouds below meant that it was raining in the valley, and if it kept up long enough, there would be no danger of fires for a while. We left them planning an evening at the inn.

The trail up to Muir was steep but well marked and, fresh from the night's sleep, we made it in less than an hour. After a while we started back to the cabin. As we approached we sang to give warning—which was just as well. Tom and Helen had a dreamy-eyed look.

"I know how she feels," I said to Kit when we had gone on.

Halfway down the mountain, we came into the rain, and all Sunday it kept up. The tent leaked, our clothes mildewed and Henrietta wouldn't go. Late in the afternoon we went over to the inn to get warm and found that Hans and the party had returned the evening before, and Helen had left at once with her doctor and future mother-in-law.

As we were going out, we ran into Tom, dripping wet and wild-eyed. "Where's Helen?" he asked tensely.

We said she had gone.

"Gone!" He said it as though the bottom had dropped out of his world. "But she said she'd wait for me. I told her I could come down if it kept on raining. . . .

MORE than any place we remembered afterward, Maryhill, Washington, where we picked grapes on Mr. and Mrs. Jordan's ranch, meant all that great Northwest country to us. I can still close my eyes and see the wide, blue sweep of the river and the golden hills rolling away to snow-capped Mount Hood. I can still smell the

grapes ripening in the sun and taste the clean tang in the air on those October mornings.

We burned brown right through our shirts and we gained about two pounds a week from the grapes that we ate constantly. When we were through for the day, we would go down for a swim in the river, then cook our supper in the snug little house in which they had installed us. It had been their daughter's playhouse.

We got to be not only part of the family but part of the community as well, and when the grapes were done, we stayed on to pick the last of the peaches and to wait for the Pendleton Roundup. The night before we left they had a special supper in our honor and most of the town came in later to pop corn and make taffy.

Milling crowds overflowed from the sidewalks into the streets of Pendleton, with all traffic rules banished for the duration. A cowboy made a flying leap and landed astride Henrietta's hood where he fanned her with his Stetson and yelled "Powder River let 'er buck," as we tore along. Several others came piling onto the running boards, whooping and shooting blanks into the air.

When we finally managed to park, two cowboys approached us shyly. "You girls got comp'ny for the evenin'?" one of them asked in a soft Texas drawl. When we hesitated, the other pointed to Henrietta's license plate. "I got kin in Worcester, Mass.," he said hopefully. "You'll be plumb safe with us, Ma'am. We ain't drinkin' men." That last really was a recommendation, for they were probably the only two completely sober cowboys in Pendleton that evening. We agreed to go with them to eat at Grandma's Kitchen where long tables were piled high with home-cooked food.

Their names, they said, were Slick McGee and Joe Chestnut, which sounded like aliases to us, though the boys certainly didn't look like fugitives from any law. They had hoboed their way up from Houston to compete in the roping events, but they had quickly found themselves outclassed. They had made a little gambling the night before and, if they could do it again tonight, they would be able to ride the cushions instead of the rods on the return trip. We were to go along and bring them luck.

Slick and Joe may have been flops at calf roping, but they certainly understood the language of the bones.

"You boys are sure hot tonight," the house man said. "The ladies are bringin' you luck."

But half an hour later they were cleaned out. They were very silent as they walked us back to the schoolyard where we were going to camp.

"Reckon we might as well go down to the railroad and see if we can catch us a rattler out tonight," Joe said.

"Reckon so," Slick agreed. "Never did see dice change so fast." And that was their only protest.

We left them at the gate and spread our blankets under a little open shed with Henrietta in front of it to shield us from the crowd. The sounds of celebration went on far into the night and we didn't get much sleep.

The Indians were one of the most colorful features of next day's Roundup, and after the parade we went over to see the tepee city they had pitched outside the grounds. While we viewed it, we fell in with some small boys who showed us a hole in the fence through which we could crawl later and avoid paying the rather stiff admission at the main gate. We couldn't sit in the grandstand, if we did that, but they said it was more fun sitting on the corral fence anyhow, and we found out they were right.

The last event of the afternoon was the maverick race. A maverick, our neighbors on the fence had explained, was an unbranded steer—one that anybody could claim on the range. In the maverick race a steer would be flushed from the corral, given a start, and then a cavalcade of mounted cowboys would break over the barrier and take off after it, with the first man to get the rope over its horns the winner.

The maverick came out of the corral gate like a champagne cork, and turned perversely toward our fence. Another maverick—a stray dog that had been wandering around all afternoon—charged out to meet it, barking furiously. At that moment the cowboys got their go signal and bore down in a great cloud of dust. The dog was going to get caught beneath that sea of pounding hoofs.

I moaned and closed my eyes. Then I heard cheers around me and cries of "Good girl" and I looked up to see Kit running back to the fence clutching the pup. Behind her the cowboys were dashing past the grandstand in a flurry of whirling ropes. But the thirty thousand spectators weren't watching them. They were on their feet straining to catch a glimpse of Kit.

When the newspapermen had finished taking pictures of the pup with Kit, he posed by himself, with one ragged ear cocked rakishly up and the other down, his pink tongue lolling in a pleased smile. He accepted popcorn and other tidbits and later, at Grandma's Kitchen, he ate most of our two meals. He had a subtle and effective begging technique, sitting quietly with all four feet on the floor, staring steadily at his victim.

WE were to make an early start for Portland next day. Ricky, the pup, watched gravely while we spread blankets, then jumped into the center of the bed, turned around several times and settled down with a happy sigh. Kit picked him up and set him firmly on the ground. "Go home, sir," she ordered in her best Boston manner.

Ricky had thought it was all settled that he was our dog way back there when they took the pictures. He walked a few paces, looked back hopefully, but upon getting no encouraging sign from us, went dejectedly off.

An hour later, as I lay gazing up at the stars, I felt a cool dog nose thrust against my hand. "Sh-hh," I warned, and drew him down on my side of the blanket. He stayed there all night and didn't make a sound.

"You know I was dreaming about that dog . . ." Kit began when she woke in the morning. Then she stopped. Ricky got up and stretched nonchalantly, pretending he'd forgotten all about the late unpleasantness.

When the things were packed, he jumped into the car and sat behind the wheel. Kit got in and pushed him over, and when he saw me getting in on the other side,

he solved the space problem by jumping up into the tipped-back top. He fitted there snugly, even better than the apron box had fitted.

He adored riding, and we never would have known he was there if he hadn't reached down occasionally to kiss Kit's ear or mine. In restaurants he stayed quietly under the table, and in tourist camps he went from fire to fire making friends. He had an eager, rakish quality which endeared him to everybody and he fared so well in the way of hand-outs that we often considered giving him a basket to take along on his rounds.

He was square and strongly built and while the thick curly coat on his back and sides was black, his chest, face and legs were golden brown. He looked exactly like an Airedale puppy, but people assured us that he wouldn't grow to be Airedale size. He was part "accident."

ALL across the country people had been saying "you're going to love California." Naturally, the minute we passed out of Oregon, we began to murmur belligerently, "Come on, California, you'd better be good!"

The scenery changed from autumn amber to summer

green right before our eyes. In Sacramento we saw our first palm trees. At Oakland we drove aboard the ferry that was to take us to the city which for all my life I was to love the best. I say "I" instead of "we" because Kit never felt as I did about San Francisco. She ultimately cast her vote for Los Angeles, and there never was a person born who loved them both.

Our routine was always the same in big cities. First the postoffice General Delivery for mail from home: then the "Y" and a list of rooms. We thought we might have trouble this time because of Ricky, but San Francisco was the kind of place that could take dogs, or anything else, right in its stride. We even found a room with a patio—behind an antique shop. We built a packing-box doghouse for Ricky under an acacia tree so he would have a place to stay during the daytime when we were working.

Kit addressed envelopes by hand for a couple of days and, when she got writer's cramp, she tried being a receptionist in a law office. Later, she stenciled monograms and designs on hairbrushes and fancy boxes for the Christmas trade. I settled for routine typing for the Western Union and after that some dreary stenography for an oil company, but the dullness of my jobs did nothing to dim my enthusiasm for San Francisco.

"It isn't the money you make, it's what you are," Ollie Peters used to say. Ollie—his name was Oliver Harrington Peters—had long ago forsaken the family home to live with the artists and writers on Telegraph Hill. He was supposed to be writing a novel himself, but he spent most of his days lying in the sun and drinking vino. He had an engaging smile, a confident charm, and while his rough tweeds were rather shabby, they were well cut.

We discovered Ollie the same night we discovered Luigi's. Luigi's was a small Italian restaurant at the foot of Telegraph Hill. It was run by a dynamic little man who waited on table with a large green parrot clinging to his shoulder. The room was long and low and filled with smoke, and people sat at bare trestle tables, with whoever happened to be at the head place doing the serving. As a doubtful concession to Prohibition, Luigi would not bring wine direct to the table nor serve it in glasses. Instead, the patrons trooped out to the kitchen with coffee cups in hand and filled them from a keg of the "red ink" which Luigi made himself. His wife, Angelina, presided over a stove covered with big copper kettles.

That night at Luigi's Kit and I were a little shy for it seemed a family affair where everybody knew everybody else. Ollie Peters, who happened to sit at our right, soon took care of that. In five minutes he had made friends with Ricky, had heard about the trip and had given us thumbnail sketches of our tablemates.

The tall, thin Frenchman with a Vandyke beard, who was ladling the soup from an immense tureen, was Professor Dorsette who ran a dancing school near by.

"Ze ladees are lucky, no?" the Professor beamed as he relayed our plates down the table. "Eet is tha-ir first time here and zay come on ze night of ze onion soup."

On Kit's left was Tony Galotti, a dark, tough, thickset man who looked like a bootlegger but who worked for the government and was an expert at forgery detection. There was Molly Fennelly, a woman in her forties with a bad complexion and a beautiful, husky voice. She had been a vaudeville actress and wouldn't let anybody forget that she had once played the Palace in New York. Molly had been drinking too much that night.

"Men will always love me," she announced dramatically, "no matter how old I am. It was like that with Cleopatra and Helen of Troy—they had my secret. And Mona Lisa—what else do you think she is smiling about?"

Later, when we knew Molly better, we asked her about the secret, but she never told us. She said, if either of us was not married at twenty-nine, to write to her then and she would give us the formula.

ONE November evening Professor Dorsette was teaching us a French round.

Frère Jacques. Frère Jacques.
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?
Sonnez les matin-es. Sonnez les matin-es.
Din, din don. Din, din don. . . .

After a couple of times we had it rolling, and we had just reached the end the third time when a new deep voice came in strong on the *Din. din don.*

Somebody cried, "The Cap-itan!" and we turned and saw in the doorway a big man, though not very tall, with hands in the pockets of his blue shore suit and a seagoing cap pushed far back on his dark head. He was laughing with the sheer joy of being home again, and his teeth gleamed white in his weather-browned face.

There was a moment's astonished silence and then a babble of greeting. The parrot screeched, Ricky barked, and Luigi and the others crowded around talking excitedly. Angelina erupted from the kitchen, threw her arms about him and kissed him on both cheeks. "Julio, Julio! . . ." He was her oldest son.

For two years he had been on the Caribbean run out of New York, and when he had heard he was to make a voyage west, he hadn't let them know because he wanted to surprise them. The news of his return filtered out through the quarter and more and more people came crowding in to see him. They were all enormously proud of Julio because he was an Italian-born boy who had earned himself an American master's license and he was not yet thirty. That, his father said, was because he had learned his seamanship in the old country under sail.

There was no more red ink that night. Luigi went down to the cellar and brought up his most choice muscatel, while Angelina produced from the kitchen the *lasagna* which Julio had always liked the best.

His ship, the Adventurer, was in port three days. Luckily its arrival coincided with one of my periods between jobs and I was able to spend most of my waking hours on board. The men all became my good friends and didn't seem to mind having me underfoot. The Mate even

taught me how to box the compass, and my talk became so nautical that Kit had trouble understanding it at all. I used to like to stand on the bridge by the big wheel at night and pretend I was bound for some of the far ports Julio talked about.

"Will you take me with you some day?" I asked him.

"Sure," he said, "I'll sign you on as stewardess and you can sew on all our buttons. We'll take Ricky along to stand the dog watches."

I don't know whether I fell in love with Captain Julio or with his ship. Perhaps it was a little of both. Kit was slightly shocked the night I told her he had kissed me, and that I had seen a million colored stars.

"I guess I'm still too Boston to like being kissed by a foreigner," she said thoughtfully.

AFTER the middle of November the fogs came and we began to have the kind of weather the people of Los Angeles say San Francisco has. One evening, swathed in sweaters, we were sitting at home making Christmas cards. Ollie was sprawled in our deep chair, a jug of Chianti on the floor beside him.

"It's going to seem strange not to have snow for Christmas," Kit said wistfully. "I suppose this will be a Thanksgiving without turkey, too."

"I was thinking of asking you up to the shack for octopus stew," Ollie said, and we both shuddered.

"I'd like to see my father's face," I said, "if I wrote that I'd had octopus for Thanksgiving."

"Well," said Ollie, "if you insist on turkey, we'll see what we can do."

Begene's was a rowdy, noisy late spot where the Telegraph Hill contingent loved to gather after Luigi's was closed. Our Ricky was a great favorite there because one night when we had wanted to dance we had tied him to a table leg and he had promptly appeared on the tiny dance floor with the table in tow. At Begene's one night we planned the Thanksgiving dinner on the Hill.

"I'll do the turkey," Molly Fennelly promised, "and all the fixings. Maybe you folks don't believe it, but I can cook."

When the menu was finally made, they passed the hat, but they wouldn't let us chip in. We were to be strictly guests.

It was our landlady's idea that we surprise them by going in costume. She had a trunk full of clothes and, with a picture of Priscilla Alden to guide us, we achieved a demure effect with long, wide-skirted gray dresses, laced bodices, wide white collars and aprons. We even made starched white caps and found long dark capes to wear instead of coats. There were no prayer missals available so we settled for small dictionaries.

There were ten guests invited to the party, including Kit and me. Molly, in a big apron, came out of the kitchen as we arrived. She had just finished the dressing. "I have a little problem," she told us.

She had, too! Nobody had thought to figure how the big turkey in its borrowed roasting pan was going to be fitted into Ollie's tiny gas oven. Any way you turned it the oven door wouldn't quite close. The bird would probably cook with the door ajar, but it would take time. Meanwhile, there was plenty of Chianti.

It was a chilly gray day and Ollie had the fireplace burning brightly. Under the windows three card tables had been set up end to end and covered with a rough brown cloth and for a centerpiece a little log house with a matchstick stockade around it. Cotton was massed to represent snow and there were candles stuck in bottles on the table and around the room. It was going to be nice, we thought. Not exactly like an old-fashioned New England Thanksgiving—but nice.

After a few drinks somebody started spiking the Chianti with *grappa*, the Italian dynamite which looks like water. Kit and I had passed up breakfast in anticipation of the big dinner, and the room began to revolve pleasantly. After a while we thought it would be a good idea to go in the bedroom and take a nap. It was dark when we woke up, and at first we couldn't remember where we were. When we finally got our bearings and had lighted the gas lamp, we were overcome with embarrassment.

Eventually we got up courage to open the door to the living room. The candles had guttered out and they were all sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace playing cards. They were in various stages of undress, their clothes scattered about them. Molly was drawing a chemise over her head preparatory to discarding it, and Ollie, still in trousers but barefoot, was kneeling to put another log on the fire.

"Well, look who's here," he said when he turned and saw us. "Did you girls have a good sleep?"

"I'm sorry but we have to go home now," Kit quavered with tragic dignity.

"You don't want to go yet," Ollie protested. "We're still going to eat—we hope."

"Sure," said Molly. "We'll all eat by and by. Come on and get into the game. I've just lost my shirt."

Strip was a kind of poker we hadn't even heard of. Clearly this was no place for a couple of Puritan maidens! We simply fled. We had forgotten Ricky until he leaped into the car ahead of us. A pagan party was even too much for Ricky.

A LETTER from Kit's sister urged us to come to Los Angeles for Christmas and, as a Christmas gift in advance, enclosed a check to pay our passage and Henrietta's on a coastwise boat.

I don't know how many times I said, "In San Francisco" during the Los Angeles interlude, nor how the Prescotts put up with me at all. Nobody could have tried harder than they did to give us a good time and never, before or since, have I wallowed in so much luxury. The trouble was we no longer were making our own way—we no longer had adventures. Henrietta languished in the garage and Ricky sulked in his doghouse. We couldn't start east until the snow was out of the Santa Fe Trail, the Automobile Association told us firmly.

One day we sneaked off and applied for extra jobs at three different studios. When the casting directors found that we possessed only one evening gown apiece and that our sports wardrobe consisted of dusty corduroy pants and sun-bleached shirts, they said there was no chance of our being "dress extras" and ordinary extras sometimes waited months before getting a "call."

"You girls better try for waitress jobs or something where you can eat regularly," one man told us kindly.

I had been catching up on my correspondence and one of the Boston people I had written to was Sands Chipman who had worked with me in the advertising department at Stafford's. Chip wrote back to say he had started a movie magazine to be distributed free in a chain of local theaters.

"Why don't you interview some of the movie stars who came originally from New England?" he asked. "I can't pay you anything for the stories but I'll give you a by-line and at least it will give you an 'in' at the studios."

I hadn't the vaguest idea how to go about interviewing stars. But one day Katherine Lipke, who wrote special features for the *Times*, heard somehow about our trip. She telephoned and asked if we'd come in to her office and be interviewed. Of course we went. We were good at being interviewed even if we weren't good at interviewing, and Katherine was a nice girl. She called in Grace Kingsley who did the *Times* motion picture column. Miss Kingsley was fat and jolly.

"You ought to make your contact through the studio publicity man," she told us. "If they see a chance to get into a magazine, they'll roll out a red carpet for you."

And in fact, after Katherine Lipke's article came out in which she said, generously but somewhat inaccurately, that I was a "Boston writer," the press agents actually began calling *me*. The industry was young then.

Of course, I believed everything they told me. It never occurred to me to wonder how it happened that so many of the girls graduated from convents and enjoyed reading Ibsen and Shakespeare, or why so many of the matinee idols were at heart strong, silent, outdoor men who craved the simple life.

The *pièce de résistance* of all the interviews was the one with Douglas Fairbanks who was then, of course, at the top of his fame. Doug said all the right things and Mark Larkin, his press agent, supplied all the right pictures. What was more he invited us out next day to

see a game Doug had invented called Dougledoor. It would be a "scoop," Mark assured me. I never knew why Mark was so nice unless perhaps he was amused by my amateur approach and wanted to give me a helping hand.

Doug's game was a modified badminton played with a high net and a ball tipped with feathers. Kit and I sat with Mark Larkin and watched Doug and his director, Raoul Walsh, play against Jack Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. Once Charlie took a tumble and as he picked himself up, said ruefully, "I thought my falling days were over."

OF all the places we wanted to go back to some day Santa Fe ranked near the top. Coming into it late at started off. Ricky, who had spent his three months eating sirloin steak and philosophically catching up on his sleep, was mad with joy.

We thought we owed it to ourselves and Ricky to try it if only to prove that our life of luxury in Los Angeles hadn't softened us beyond repair, so after we had watched a guide hoist fat ladies and men in hired overalls into the saddles for the trip down and back up Bright Angel Trail in Grand Canyon, we started afoot.

Halfway down we came to a grassy plateau and on it, under a flowering red judas tree, was a little gray cabin, with wild sweet peas climbing over the roof, and a bubbling spring in the yard. A little old man with a face like a walnut was sitting in the doorway, and we asked if we could eat our figs and crackers there with him instead of with the tourists down by the river.

"You ain't dudes at all," he said approvingly after awhile. "You're right out with the rough 'uns."

Andrew—his name was Andrew McDonald—owned a platinum claim down there in the Canyon and when the section had been made into a park two years ago, he had refused to sell out his rights. He hated the steady flow of tourists by his door but was too stubborn to get out.

He suggested that we come back and spend the night there, and next day he would loan us his mules, Kate and Peggy, and we could ride over the little-known Tonto Trail to Phantom Canyon. So after our supper we sat out on his doorstep and watched the sunset reds deepen to dim purples on the Canyon walls.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Andy, "when the dudes git thick as fleas down here in the daytime, I sez to myself I'll head out. I got a married daughter over in Phoenix and she's allus at me to go live with her, but I dunno—I git sort of lonesome in cities."

We went to sleep to the noise of the brook, and when we woke we could see through the little bedroom window that dawn was banding the sky with orange. "Uncle Andy" had the fire going and he made Kit and me mix saleratus biscuits under his supervision because he said no nieces of his could go around not knowing how to cook.

His mules had a long, easy gait and were wonderfully surefooted if left to their own devices. "We had to bury the last dude who tried to guide a mule," he warned us as we rode off.

We got back early enough in the afternoon to make the seven-mile climb up Bright Angel before dark. The tourists talked as if we had conquered the Matterhorn, and we found that we were very popular with the guides and the rangers that evening at the dance at the hotel.

Kit made a hit with the mule guide and after the dance it took them so long to walk from the hotel to the tourist camp that Ricky and I were almost asleep when they arrived. He asked Kit to write to him because she was the first girl he ever took home and didn't kiss good night. "It sure was different," he said.

We agreed that he hit a new high in sophistication as far as guides were concerned. It probably came from helping the dudes on and off of mules.

OF ALL the places we wanted to go back to some day Santa Fe ranked near the top. Coming into it late at night after a day of coping with the twenty-three switchbacks of the La Bajada grade, we thought we were too tired to care what it was like, but somewhere on the outskirts it reached out and caught us with a familiar fragrance which brought back all the sweetness of New England springs. "Lilacs!" we exclaimed incredulously.

The town was sound asleep that Saturday night, but there was an aura of romance about it. We rode down a cobbled street between high garden walls, passed the dark empty Plaza and, when we came to what seemed like a vacant lot behind a billboard, dropped our blankets there. We never were sure whether or not she dreamed it, but Kit insisted that she woke once and saw a sinister-looking Mexican in a cape and sombrero standing motionless at the end of our billboard looking at us. Presently he slid silently away.

I woke first in the morning to discover that we had pitched our camp amid the ashes and tin cans of the city dump. Kit woke when the Cathedral bell began its tinny clanging, and we lay for a while watching, beneath the billboard, the hurried feet of people bound for early mass.

IN the melancholy twilight, Independence, Mo., didn't look particularly like the home of a future President. It looked just like all the other middle-western towns we'd been going through all day. A fat man on the corner pointed out the cafe—the "kafe," he called it—where he thought we might still get a meal though seven o'clock was pretty late. "Tourist camp?" Why no, he hadn't heard of none around there. We could camp at the fairground, though—people did, he thought.

The fairground was just a big bare field without a single tree. There was a roofless grandstand, a race track, and over in the far corner a solid gray building loomed out of the darkness, closed and forbidding. The wind was blowing mildly when we dozed off, and there were stars in the sky, but when we woke up an hour later a small-sized hurricane was making up.

"There go the hats," Kit cried as something white whisked out of the car. The hats—our only hats—were smart little cloches which had cost eight dollars apiece on the Coast, bought to impress the home folks when we got back to Boston. Retrieving not being one of Ricky's accomplishments, we chased the bag ourselves.

As we returned to our bed, I thought I felt a drop of rain, but I dived beneath the blankets pretending it wasn't so until a steady pitter-patter brought us both upright. Ricky stood in a rapidly growing mud puddle unhappily raising first one foot and then another.

"We've got to break into the building over there," I told Kit, "even if we have to smash a window."

But the wide, closed door was unlocked. Gratefully, we ducked inside. We dropped our bed right there on the floor and felt our way inside the blankets. Ricky was restless and wanted to go exploring, but we made him keep still. We had heard animals moving in the stalls.

I was almost asleep when Ricky bristled and growled low in his throat. I sat up listening tensely. It was unmistakably a masculine snore.

Then I heard a man's voice say softly, "Ralph—wake up!"

The snoring stopped abruptly. "Huh?"

"Sh-h-h, we've got comp'ny. Those girls that were camping over yonder—they moved into the barn awhile back."

"Well, doggone. Think we ought to give 'em our cots?"

"No, they wouldn't like it. Leave 'em alone."

I settled back into the blankets, pulled Ricky down beside me, and went peacefully to sleep.

When I woke up the wide door was open and the sun was making checkered patterns on the floor around us. We seemed to be completely surrounded by horses, all with their heads over the low bars of their box stalls quizzically regarding the unfamiliar island of blankets in their midst. The smell of fresh coffee was mingling pleasantly with the smell of hay, and outside a lanky red-haired youth was polishing harness and whistling.

Just then one of the horses whinnied loudly. Kit's head shot from the covers like a tousled jack-in-the-box, and a wiry bow-legged little man in blue jeans and a shapeless black felt hat came from the inner room.

"Mornin', girls," he said cheerfully, and Ralph came over and stood grinning in the doorway.

Kit had been gathering her Boston manners. "I hope you don't mind our intruding on you like this," she said, "but it was raining and—"

"It shore was," Pop agreed. "If you hadn't showed up when you did, I'd have been over to git you."

"You *knew* we came in?" she gasped.

The little man chuckled. "Well now, you don't reckon anybody could get into the Banshee's stable without me knowin' it, do you?" He reached out to caress a beautiful black mare nuzzling him affectionately. "Ralph," Pop went on, "you git the girls some hot water for a wash-up and I'll see if the java's ready."

Later, as we sat drinking steaming coffee from oversized mugs, we heard all about harness racing. Pop and Ralph trained a string of horses here for a wealthy owner. They were all good, Pop said, but the four-year-old Banshee was his greatest pride.

"She's a real one, all right," he said. "Goin' to be another Dan Patch, sure as taxes." Dan Patch, it seemed, was the greatest pacer in the world. "Some day you girls are goin' to be mighty proud you slept in the same stable with her."

ON the cobblestone levee at Memphis we sat on a bale of cotton and waited, not for the Robert E. Lee—we were fifty years too late for that—but for the old packet Kate Adams which was called the "Queen of the Mississippi." We hoped she would be just as good.

It was a warm May evening with a new moon and a sky full of southern stars. All the town had come down to meet the boat—the men in white suits and the girls in filmy summer dresses mingling gaily with the riffraff from shantytown. Somebody was strumming a guitar and people were singing.

There was a deep-toned whistle. "Here she comes, honey," "That's ol' Kate." And then the red light of the steamboat showed around the bend.

As soon as the gangplank was down, people swarmed on board to greet the captain and the two pilots. Pilots were still great heroes in the river towns. People who knew the treacherous Mississippi knew just how good they had to be. Once away from the dock the man at the wheel was in absolute command and the captain could suggest but never order. Most of them, like bushy-browed, red-cheeked old Captain Carey on the Kate, had been pilots themselves and wouldn't think of trying.

After the cotton was off, the Kate took on a heavy load of freight, ten mules, twenty head of cattle and five tramps who were going to work a couple of weeks in a government plant down river. The only regular passenger besides ourselves was an old cotton grower who told us he had been up to court a rich widow. His chances looked pretty good now, he thought. He'd tried six months ago and hadn't had any luck at all.

She'd said, "Mr. Wilkins, I don't reckon I'll be marryin' anybody until my husband has been dead a year."

" 'All right,' I says. But I tells her I want to be sure I'm the first one after the year's up. 'I don't want you to get me up on a limb,' I says, 'and drop me off.' "

She said, "Mr. Wilkins, you're not only the first, you're the *only* one."

The year was up the tenth of this month and he came up again and they talked it over and he told her how he'd never disturb any of her money, so she needn't worry about that.

"Of course," he said, "if I should get in a tight place later on and really needed it, I might, but I didn't reckon this was the time to tell her."

The outcome of it was, she was coming down to his plantation next month to meet his twenty-eight-year-old son and kind of look things over, and if she liked it, he thought she'd stay.

All this we learned at breakfast the next morning. We didn't see much of Mr. Wilkins after that, for, as soon as the gangplank was in and the *Kate* lumbered out into the stream, we made for the pilot house and practically lived there the rest of the trip.

Mr. Carson, our senior pilot, was one of the best men on the river, Captain Carey told us. Charlie Hall, the apprentice, was going to be good, too, he thought, but he was still nervous in tight places.

Hall had the eight to twelve watch the night we were coming into Helena, Arkansas. The water was low and the crossing above the town was a bad one. Just before we reached it, the pilot house door opened softly and Mr. Carsons came in.

"Let me take her, Charlie," he said. "I saw this by daylight on the way up."

Charlie seemed relieved and came back to sit with us on the cushioned bench along the wall. The Captain appeared a minute later and stood by the window peering into the blackness ahead. Mr. Carson stood relaxed at the wheel, coaxing the boat a little to one side and then the other.

"Deep four," chanted the leadsman down below. "Mark three, quarter less three . . . Half twain, quarter twain, quarter twain . . . *Mark* twain! . . ." We were all holding our breath. Then Mr. Carson rang for full steam and we went bowling over into deep water and safety.

"Nice work," said the Captain. "Now that's done, how would you girls like to come down for a piece of pie?"

Mr. Carson's father could remember well the famous race between the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee in 1870,

and had known the pilot who was supposed to have been the hero of the "Jim Bludso" poem about the Prairie Belle fire.

"But it wasn't a pilot," I interrupted. "Jim Bludso was an engineer. 'He weren't no saint, them engineers is pretty much all alike.' "

"Go on," Mr. Carson prompted.

I knew almost all of it for my father used to read the famous John Hay classic to me often when I was a child.

> The fire bust out as she cleared the bar.
> And burnt a hole in the night,
> And quick as a flash she turned and made
> For the willer-bank on the right.
> There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
> Over the infernal roar,
> "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
> Till the last galoot's ashore."

"All right," said Mr. Carson, "but now you tell me what an engineer would be doing up in the pilot house holding her nozzle agin the bank. He'd be down where he belonged listening for his bell. No," he went on, "Jim Bludso's real name was John Trice. He was pilot on the Caroline which burned on a night in 1854. He used to say that if there was ever a fire he'd stay at the wheel and save the passengers and that's just what he did."

"You-all hurry back," Mr. Carson said when he told us good-by. "It's sure been nice to have you with us."

HENRIETTA must have hated to leave the Kate as much as we did for all through the delta country to New Orleans she sulked and blew tires and developed all kinds of ominous groans. In the seven weeks since leaving Los Angeles she had cost us nineteen dollars in repairs, bringing our total expenses up to fifty-eight dollars apiece, and we were close to broke again.

If we hadn't been so worried about Henrietta we would have enjoyed that drive down through the deep South

with its plantation houses deep in trailing Spanish moss and the slave quarters crumbling to ruin.

We stopped to ask a direction of a man who sat whittling on a fence around a courthouse square, and lingered to talk with him.

"This is a bad town," he said, "full of 'trigues. Other night I got arrested for bein' drunk, stayin' out after twelve and cussin' afore ladies. I says what ladies would be out after twelve to hear me cussin?"

In New Orleans Kit sold Henrietta for fifty dollars. "For junk," they said bluntly, and we winced. It was like selling Ricky for hamburger, but there was nothing we could do about it. If we could have afforded it, we would have shipped her home in pieces and kept her for a souvenir, but we didn't know how we were going to get home ourselves. We now had less than seventy-five dollars between us.

WE took a room at the "Y." A preliminary casing of employment agencies indicated that the job situation was bad. The pavements sizzled in the heat. It was only the last of May and we were wearing the wool skirts and light sweaters which had been comfortable last August in Seattle. We hated to think what New Orleans would be like in August.

At Royal Street we turned east toward the river and knew at once that we were in the old city—the romantic city laid out by the French in 1718. In one of the brown, ramshackle Pontalba Buildings on Jackson Square there was a radio store and we wandered in. The radio man showed us the doors with their gratings and huge locks, the thick adobe walls and the rooms opening off the crumbling, refuse-littered courts where royal guests had once been entertained.

"Don't people ever live here any more?" we asked.

He said there were a few artists.

"Can people visit the studios?"

"Not without an invitation."

We were contenting ourselves with looking at an artist's bright green door when it opened and there was the artist himself, in a paint-splashed smock, dispatching a messenger. Ricky, who was a born explorer, darted in. The artist laughed and asked us in, too, and even made us a cup of tea. He was a quiet, serious man named John Charlton, who was in love with his work and with New Orleans. When he heard that we'd like to live in the Quarter, he offered to help us.

At the corner of Royal and Toulouse Streets we found a room with a balcony. It was very large with high ceilings, a stone fireplace and two long French doors, and it was all ours for six dollars a week. The place was called the Court of the Lions.

One day our friend General Delivery showered down not only with letters but with a package that turned out to contain six of Chip's magazines with my stories of the movie stars. At home on the balcony we both read them once, and I read them at least five times. "By Beth O'Shea." It looked wonderful. Even if I hadn't been paid anything, that by-line made me a writer.

That evening I tucked the magazines under my arm and went up to the office of the morning paper and, after a conference with the office boy, got through to the Sunday editor. He looked at the movie magazines and he heard about the trip. No, he couldn't give me a job, he decided, but he'd pay me fifty dollars for a feature story on our odyssey. Fifty dollars! Why, that was almost all I needed to get home. . . .

"I haven't a typewriter," I began hesitantly, "but . . ."

"Why don't you sit down now and write it here?" he asked pleasantly.

In a happy haze, I followed him into the grimy, paper-littered city room where men in shirtsleeves were tapping out copy. There was an empty desk in the corner, and on it an old wreck of a machine. Left alone with it, I found a stack of yellow paper in a drawer, rolled in a sheet, and sat there staring at it.

"Having a hard time, honey?"

I glanced up and saw a lean, loose-limbed man in a rumpled white linen suit. He had flat features and black eyes set wide apart and tilted a little at the corners. He looked kind of Chinese, I thought. And a large straight mouth. He looked hard-boiled. His voice was deep and amused.

"No, I'm just—sort of thinking," I stammered.

He smiled then. Why did I always like men with deep vertical lines in their cheeks? I liked the way he wore his hat, too, though I didn't know then that that particular rakish angle was the badge of all newspapermen.

"This your first assignment?" he asked.

I admitted that it was, and told him what I was trying to do.

"Oh? Well, you just take it easy and it'll come all right. I'm going out for a while but I'll be back and go over it with you when you're finished. Maybe I can help you fix it up."

I watched him go, then turned back to the typewriter and began to write furiously.

When he returned and read it I watched him anxiously and was pleased when once he laughed out loud.

"This is all right," he said. "You don't know what

anything is about, but you've got a fresh viewpoint and that's something."

He made a few changes, wrote a new lead.

"Now let's celebrate," he said, and, as an after-thought, "My name's Timothy Blake—Tim to you."

It was a whirlwind evening, beginning with soft shell crab and beer at a newspapermen's hangout, and ending with the French Market at dawn for doughnuts and *cafe au lait.* In between, we had seen a prize fight, we had danced and ridden the roller coaster at Spanish Fort Park, and talked with acrobats, fortune tellers, midgets, conjurers, tap dancers and musicians. We had called at a dark little hole in the wall where a man showed us bottles of rare wines and liquor bootlegged from foreign ships. Tim bought some Scotch and I was given a small crock of Benedictine. "For *lagniappe,*" the man said, using the old Creole word for the gift the storekeeper always gave with a purchase.

TIM was fun to be with—that time and many others. At first I trailed along with him while he covered his assignments, trying to match my steps to his long stride, but later—possibly in self-defense—he persuaded the Sunday editor to give me an assignment of my own. I was to do "color" stories about the city.

I listened with wide-eyed wonder to the talk of the reporters and the most ancient classics about death watches and important beats phoned in to the wrong paper at inebriated moments were all new and fresh to me. It was probably because I listened so well that Tim and the gang didn't mind having me along when they gathered at the Dirty Angel after the paper was put to bed.

"You don't mind if we stay on a while longer?" I used to ask Kit anxiously, after we had accumulated enough for our passage home.

She said she didn't mind at all. She was having fun too, though of a more conventional sort. With John Charlton she lunched sometimes at the Patio Royale or dined at Antoine's where she ate Oysters Rockefeller

and Chicken Gumbo, and where the soft-footed old-time waiters served French Drip, the best coffee in the world, with flaming brandy.

Out at Spanish Fort Park there were four Negroes who had a piano, a horn, a bass fiddle, and drums. The drums were what I liked the best, and I liked the drummer, who may be famous by now—I never knew his name. He was a big, heavy-shouldered man with a stolid sleepy face, and his voice and his laughter were so loose and easy that it was relaxing to be in the same room with him—until he played. He played, Tim said, like a Voodoo priest straight from Africa, brushing the small drum with a fly swatter, hitting the large ones with sticks and clashing the cymbals until the throbbing pulse of it got inside you, too, and mounted until you could hardly bear it.

"I'm so proud you can't know," he said one night when I was trying to tell him how much I liked the kind of music he and the boys played. None of them had had formal training, but they'd started in playing at weddings and funerals and sometimes on riverboat excursions. "For doughnuts and rent money, that's about all," he said. Sometimes at night they would knock a little music together for their own pleasure. They were going to do it that night. If we'd care to sit in. . . .

We certainly would! Tim got the address and we drove there later. It was a smoky little cellar, with a sawdust floor, and it was jammed with people.

Some of the musicians were still in evening clothes—the uniform of their profession—some in shirtsleeves, vests or sweaters, hats on the back of their heads, their feet slapping on the floor as they played. A few people were dancing but mostly they formed a listening circle around the little platform, grinning with pleasure. There were perhaps a dozen men on the stand when we came in, but they kept coming and going, and as soon as one got up, another would take his place. The trumpet brayed, the trombone laughed and the clarinet wailed, while under it all was the throbbing beat, beat, beat, beat, four to a bar, of the drums and the bass fiddle.

A cornet would ask a question. "What's that you say?" someone would call. A trombone would answer with a chuckle and soon they were at it hot and heavy arguing back and forth on their instruments.

They stopped for a breather, and then they started again, softly this time, and nobody danced. You didn't dance to the blues. For a while they built it up, sad and nostalgic, and then a little barrelly man, very dark with flashing white teeth, came across the room, a glistening trumpet in his hand.

"I hate to see . . . the evenin' sun go DOWN," he sang in a cracked, gravelly voice. As he climbed upon the platform, a hush fell over the room.

"It's all yours, Louie," said the man at the piano, still playing.

Louie raised the instrument to his lips and blew.

"There he goes," said Tim. "Listen to that boy go! . . ."

"You listen to that—you hear the best music ever come out of a horn," someone near me said reverently.

Dawn was graying the sky, but the boys had the feel of the piece and couldn't let it alone, and while they played nothing could have made me leave.

"IF you like drums so much, I ought to take you to a Voodoo ceremony sometime," Tim said next evening.

I told him promptly, "I want to see everything."

"Everything?" His voice had that tone that meant he was making fun of me, and I didn't like it.

"Yes, everything," I told him positively. "Won't you let me see this Voodoo?"

"I'll give it a thought," he promised, and then, "By the way, there's a woman in town you ought to meet some time. Her name is Hunter—Belle Hunter." He looked at his watch. "We might call there before we go to dinner."

"Is there a story in it?" I asked professionally.

"I'll let you judge for yourself."

Miss Hunter (and that was not her name) lived in a modern ornate apartment house on the uptown side of Canal Street. A uniformed colored maid opened the door and greeted Tim like an old friend. She ushered us into a large drawing room with a piano, a lot of elaborate lamps, heavy draperies, overstuffed sofas and gilt chairs.

Our hostess arrived presently, a blond woman of forty perhaps, and I guessed she must have had a dinner engagement for she was wearing a maroon velvet dress, cut quite low, and a great deal of jewelry.

"Hello, Timmy," she said. "What's on your mind?"

"I brought a Boston girl to see you," he told her, making the introduction.

Miss Hunter immediately distinguished herself as a woman of great discernment and faultless literary taste. She remembered seeing my name and had read my stories in the paper. They were good, she told me gravely.

The maid brought drinks and we sat and chatted.

"Well, what did you think of it?" Tim asked when we were once more in the car.

"Of it? Oh, you mean the apartment. I think it's a little too—I don't know . . ."

"Fancy?" he prompted.

"Yes, that's it, just like she wears too much rouge and looks kind of artificial. But she's a nice woman," I hastened to add. "I liked her a lot. I couldn't see a story in her. What is she—an actress or something?"

Tim had bent forward to switch on the ignition, but now he sat back and looked at me in honest wonder. "Couldn't you tell what kind of a house that was?"

Light dawned. "Tim—you don't mean—you wouldn't take me to a . . . a . . . *a House of Bondage!*"

"You said you wanted to see everything," he reminded me when he had stopped laughing.

"I know I did," I said indignantly, "but after all. . ." Then I had another disturbing thought. "And she seemed like a friend of yours, as if you went there often."

"I do," he told me. "Whenever I need a tip on a hot story I go to Belle. You'd be surprised how much she knows of what's going on in this town—just like she knew about your articles. It's part of her business."

We rode along in silence. Then I said, "But where were the girls? I thought there's be a lot around . . ."

He chuckled. "There would be—later. That's why I took you early, my little Puritan."

The following Sunday night Tim drove me out along the Gentilly Road which was flat, marshy country dotted with Negro cabins. At one of them an old colored woman they called Aunty could fry a chicken that melted in your mouth. We had been there once before.

We sat on her tiny vine-covered porch and watched the fireflies flickering in the white mist rising from the marshes. At a cabin across the fields someone was plunking a mandolin and singing a melancholy song. A whippoorwill called and an owl answered.

Tim was strangely silent and subdued. "I don't believe you like me," he said, "not even nearly."

"Hardly at all," I cracked back, using the language we had picked up from our Basin Street friends.

"Well, that's good," he said, "for you won't be seeing me so often from here on."

In the shaft of light that streamed out from Aunty's kitchen, I saw that his face was serious.

"My wife is coming back tomorrow," he said.

"Your *wife!*" I couldn't believe it.

He reached over and took my hand. "Don't look like that, honey," he said. "She's been up in Cincinnati seeing her folks. I reckoned she was going to stay all summer. . . ."

"But you didn't tell me you were married," I said accusingly.

"You didn't ask me," he said. "I thought you knew."

"How *could* I have known?"

"Well—" He looked a little guilty but not very. "I suppose I thought one of the gang might have mentioned it or something. . . ."

"Will you leave?" I asked Kit, when I got in at midnight. "I mean right away—on tomorrow's boat?"

"Of course," she said. "I've only been waiting for you to fall out of love."

"I was never in love with him," I told her vehemently. "Never for the least single minute."

"Sure you were," she said matter-of-factly. "You're always in love. You've been in love three times in a year. But don't worry—you'll get over it. You always do."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

FRANCIS, by **David Stern,** is the delightful story of an army mule and a second lieutenant in G-2. Francis was an extraordinary mule, but the lieutenant was just an ordinary lieutenant, which was why it was so amazing that he was able to expose the beautiful spy, Maureen Van Gelder, and to capture the Jap secret listening post. Headquarters was baffled and then worried when the lieutenant finally revealed that he'd gotten his information from the mule.

David Stern

But Francis refused to speak to anyone but the lieutenant—until, that is, the army psychiatrist insulted him by referring to him as "pot-bellied." Then Francis talked and to the point, psychoanalyzing the analyst. As the shattered man wobbled away, Francis said, " 'Unhappy case. I do hope, lieutenant, you'll be able to bring him again. If the Army will only give me time, I think I can do something for Colonel Pleper.' "

After that, Francis could no longer keep his light under a bushel. He became the sensation of Burma and was transported back to the United States for further acclaim, acclaim that made Francis unhappy. What finally happened to Francis will always remain a mystery, but the lieutenant thinks he knows—and the reader will hope the lieutenant is right.

Farrar, Straus & Company, New York. Price $2.50.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE, by **Bergen Evans,** is a witty exposé of some of the legends and errors that man persists in believing.

Mr. Evans points out that pigs, supposedly filthy gluttons, will never overeat, whereas cows and horses will kill themselves by overeating "if they are permitted access to unlimited quantities of certain foods."

Bergen Evans

Wolves, he says, do not run in packs, nor has there ever been an authentic record of a human being's having been attacked and eaten by a wolf. Negroes do not smell differently from white people, and a diet of fish does not do anything at all for the brain.

Tersely and entertainingly written, The Natural History of Nonsense will dispel many of the erroneous conceptions so dear to man.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Price $3.

STELLA GIBBONS, whose Cold Comfort Farm was one of the funniest satires ever written, has, in **The Gentle Powers,** taken her pen out of the vitriol bottle and dipped it in ink to write a charming book about a middle-class English girl. The penetration is still there, but Miss Gibbons likes her heroine, Margaret, and while she and the characters in the book poke fun at her, it is gentle fun.

The story is set in wartime England, but the war is only an incident, an inconvenience, like the weather, to Miss Gibbons' characters, for this is not a book about violence but a book about people.

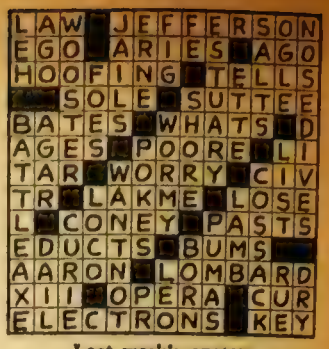
Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. Price $2.75.

MICHAEL STARK'S Run for Your Life is a swiftly paced, tense murder thriller that has a very unusual twist—**how** was Michael DePereyra murdered, if he was murdered? Private detective Steve Ericson thought he was, and in the process of proving it met hordes of beautiful women and some atomic scientists.

Crown Publishers, New York. Price $2.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



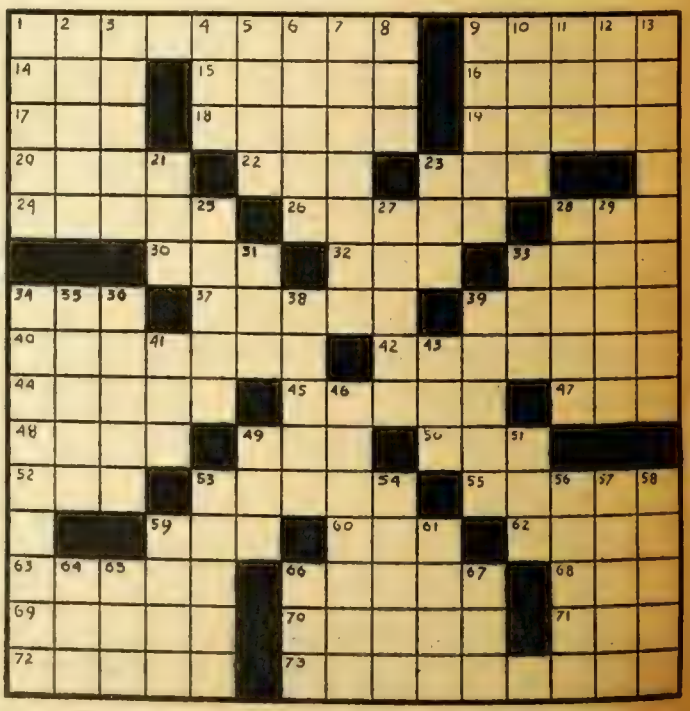
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 The Buck Rogers V-8 (two words)
9 An inflated sole
14 What Göring did from the rear
15 The gun-totin' glamor gal of Olympus
16 Old-fashioned binge, or confetti-hurling blowout
17 Long .
18 Rich will be he who did this till 1993!
19 Personally inflated
20 Mobile flea collectors
22 Kind of maid that interests sailors
23 Stuffed the shirt
24 S-s-s with the curly lip
26 Kind of joke heard from a dry old wit
28 Blast Congress Awake! (abbr.)
30 High-brow good-humor man
32 Devitaminized
33 Red problem in American households
34 Chopped Tiger Meat (abbr.)
37 Full of beans
39 Horizontal harp
40 Government bonds everything's tied up in (two words)
42 World's most traveled woman
44 Outdo
45 What drunken glaziers' daughters make of themselves
47 Spinsters Enjoy Sentiment (abbr.)
48 The friendly Carnegie
49 What Wellesley girls want today
50 Seagoin' son of a swab
52 Curved thing between two eyes
53 Many have these false; choppers
55 The best way to cure a hangover is to stay this way
59 Give the needle to
60 Young buck
62 The war criminal's bath
63 Beat the gums and eardrums violently
66 Girl's name
68 Little Nancy
69 Poe bird
70 As you see more of a girl, you see less of this
71 He is (Latin)
72 Exchanges a stove for a wife
73 Complex things that drive people nuts

VERTICAL

1 Hill skimmers
2 After dictating, he became President in the Far South
3 Old saw that could stand sharpening
4 Paper heads (abbr.)
5 What Thailand was in the old days
6 They've got plenty
7 People rush to Florida to get themselves in a state of this
8 What people doodle on when phoning
9 What he did for Tower Publications
10 She gave the Greeks the Jeebies
11 Super St.
12 Male moniker
13 Indoor P-38s
21 The tailor felt this and 59 Horizontal
23 Part of your savings the peacetime profiteer will be satisfied with
25 Guy your gal hates to love (you hope), but you love to hate
27 Comic who lurks in alleys, gagging people
28 Naval spam (pl.)
29 Rowboat with the jitters
31 This comes to him who waits
33 If you aim backward, you'll get this
34 Demanding fellows, they make you pay and pay and pay
35 Rhode Island with elbow room
36 1651
38 You'll have to have a reservation to get space in this
39 Mexican moolah
41 After beating about the bush, the clubman took a swipe at this woodenhead
43 Marlene Dietrich gets a lot of this into her art
46 They make the deereast hatracks!
49 Croon like the milk-fed Siamese
51 One of the world's famous marshes
53 Time for the first down (pl.)
54 Jack, the Jovial Jerk of the Kilocycles
56 Flesh hangers
57 What to do if you've made a serious blunder
58 Without a ceiling they'd go up through the ceiling
59 First thing the racketeer took as a child
61 Platter bug's delight
64 What Floridians sleep in on hot nights
65 Crossword bird
66 Cleverness Disperses Pomposity (abbr.)
67 What the wailing weeping willow made of itself



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

*Dorris—Drama of diamonds in white gold, 21 jewels—$[illegible]**

*Tala—Rare loveliness of line in gleaming 14K gold, 17 jewels—$100**

*Warren—Smart, slim, accurate, 21 jewels, 14K gold—$135**

*Dudley—Up to the minute design and precision, 21 jewels, 14K—$120**

*Hedy—Gem of simplicity in 14K white gold, 21 jewels—$115**

Surprise

"*Shut your eyes and don't peek!*"—while holiday ribbons and tissue fall. . . . "*Now look!*"—and some one you love holds before your delighted gaze *the watch to end all wishing* . . . a Waltham! Never before has the watchmaker's art captured so much of the brilliant flattery that makes fine jewelry the most treasured gift. It begins, your jeweler will tell you, with Waltham *beauty within*—the meeting of America's finest craftsmanship with America's newest precision skills. Giving you Walthams more beautiful, more precise than ever in our great tradition. Men's and women's designs, from $42.50. As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

* *All prices include Federal tax*

THE NEW WALTHAM

FIRST AMERICAN WATCH

UNTIL MOONRISE

Continued from Page 27

find its C.G." He translated, "Its center of gravity."

One part of his mind went far from Sylvia, back through the years, across the world, to other times when he had thought, This will be all. But those had been swift-moving instants in the flame of combat, with power roaring under his wings, gunfire spattering, and a kind of joyous madness in his heart.

Those other times were unrelated to this helpless hour, when through his willfulness he was taking with him into death this girl who had trusted him.

HE set off his first flare. She watched its brilliance quicken the sky and fade and die.

"There are no boats, Tony."

"There may be, Sylvia. Boats, higher in the water, could see us although we could not see them."

Sylvia caught his arm. "Tony, we are sinking, slowly but horribly steadily! How long have we?"

"Long enough, Sylvia."

The angle at which they were settling was not appreciably sharper. The damage to the float on landing must have been minor. Unless the pounding of the waves tore that float loose and they turned over, they had time left, a handful of minutes.

Tony asked, "Would it help at all to know I'm sorry, my dear?"

He could see her chest rise and fall with her rapidly drawn breath, but her voice stayed gentle.

"You have nothing for which to be sorry. This just happened."

He could not save her, help her, find any consolation for her. But at the last of his careless life he could speak truth.

"You're wrong. I knew better. Any pilot with half my experience would know better than to chance a night flight over water in a single-engined plane, in an area with no shore station within call."

A long, long moment went by in silence.

Sylvia spoke slowly: "We could have asked father, we could have waited——" Then, "That's all useless now, isn't it?" Then, without any reproach but as if she wanted to comfort *him*, "Never mind, Tony."

Tony set off his second flare.

A very little water was beginning to seep through the cabin floor.

"Sylvia, I'm going to help you out on top of the fuselage now. Just step where I tell you."

He forced open the door, braced himself against the wing, more than ankle-deep in water, helped her to climb and moved up beside her. Spray splashed them continuously.

Tony thought, It's easier for me. I never did believe I'd live to grow old—except when Jay made me believe.

He found two additional crumbs of comfort to offer. "I've another flare in my shirt pocket, you know," and "Can you see that glow on the horizon? That's where the moon will rise."

"Yes, Tony."

It was hard for her to speak even those two words. He could tell.

IT was the second flare Jay and Russell saw, almost directly ahead.

Russell glanced at Jay's face, asked nothing, swerved slightly.

"Straight on now," Jay said. "Hold steady. It's some way yet."

Five minutes went by and three minutes more. The next flare went to starboard, very close. Russell cut sharply. So low was the plane they almost ran it down before they saw it.

"Give her to me," was all Jay said to Tony.

Her long hair was dank about her face. Her eyes fluttered and closed. Russell helped Tony Duane aboard.

There was no whisky or rum. There were no blankets. Jay began to chafe Sylvia's hands. He spoke to her gently, as to a child; tenderly, as to his love. "You're all right. My dearest, you are safe."

Tony sat shivering with cold, with reaction, his eyes upon Jay. Russell headed the boat south. After a time he asked, "Would you like a cigarette, Duane?"

"Very much," Tony told him.

Sylvia stirred, struggled to rise, spoke clearly but in a shaking voice: "I was so frightened. When we heard the boat's engine I didn't dare believe it."

"Rest. Don't talk," Jay said.

But she asked, "Where is Tony?"

"Right here," Tony answered.

Russell observed that Jay neither released her nor did Tony approach her.

Sylvia said faintly but clearly, "I never will elope again, never!"

Tony sat silent, smoking. They were halfway back to San Vittore when he suddenly asked Russell how they happened to send out a rescue party.

Mr. Russell summed up the evening's events. He began to realize he and Jay were in line for congratulations. "I must say it's lucky Nash wasted no time, from the looks of that plane."

"Wouldn't have stayed afloat another ten minutes," Tony assured him.

"Don't," Sylvia said.

"It's not far now. You'll soon be warm and dry," Jay told her.

The stars followed the moon into obscurity. It began to rain heavily.

"Just a shower," Russell stated. "It won't last long."

But it lasted, and the head wind strengthened. The boat slowed and pitched increasingly.

NOT until a darker mass in the darkness ahead loomed as San Vittore did Tony address Jay. "Thanks for the life-saving, brother."

"Don't mention it," Jay answered coolly.

"I hope father won't be in a towering rage," Sylvia murmured. "He so seldom is cross, but so very cross when he is."

"Like Jay," observed Tony.

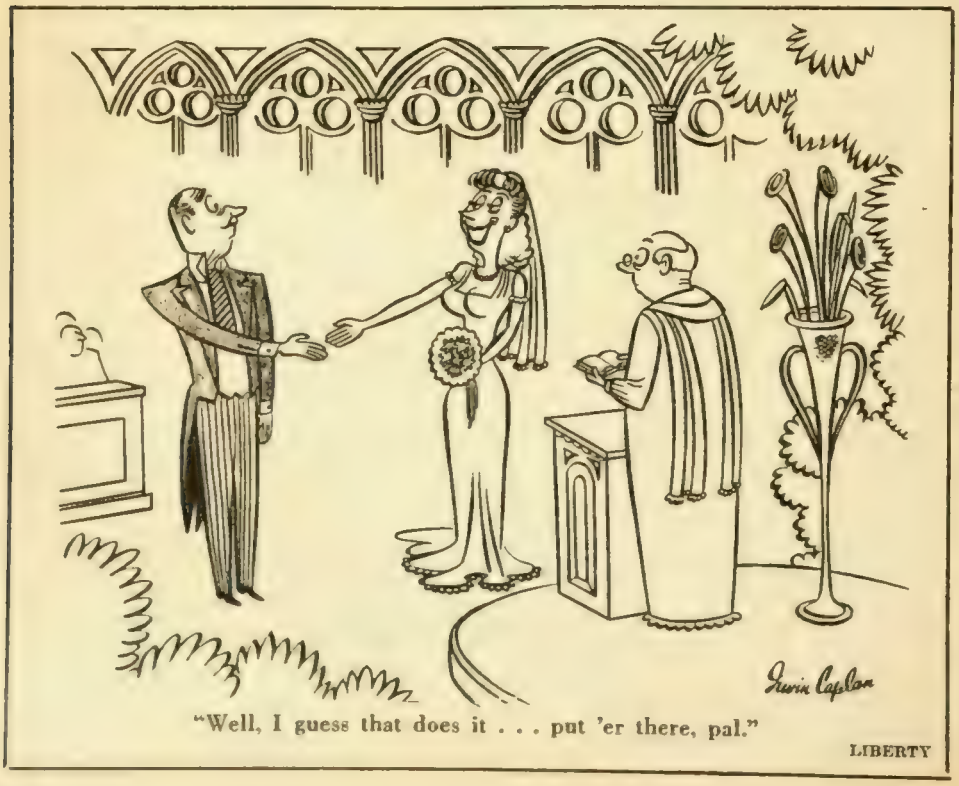
Jay made no comment.

Russell docked and shepherded his party into the car. He started up the hillside.

"I'm not going to Ventura's," Tony, beside him, said. He turned to Sylvia in the back seat. "Unless it will improve your father's mood for me to make a formal proposal for your hand instantly."

"It won't. Not tonight," she said with surprising firmness.

(*Continued on page 48*)



"Well, I guess that does it . . . put 'er there, pal."

LIBERTY

Cocktail Calendar

for the New Year!

Gosh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!

In March, when winds begin to blow,
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!

Here's to May and lovely Spring
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!

Time goes by—up comes July
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!

Thirty days all through September
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!

Hang the holly—toast the season
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!

In '47 . . . all year through,
Kinsey is the blend for you!

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

Since 1892

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

"That's the trouble with Nanook, he has absolutely no patience."
LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 46*)

"Wait in the car. I'll drive you to Miramar," Russell told him.

There were lights still on in the Ventura house.

Mrs. Ventura answered their ring. "What on earth——" she began.

"Sylvia! You're half drowned!" said Dr. Congreve's voice.

Jay intervened. "Don't bother her tonight. She'll be lucky if she escapes pneumonia."

For the first time he hesitated. Trevor Russell was inspired. "You're worn out, Nash. Take the car and both of you go along. I'll explain everything. I'm an old friend."

Sylvia turned and thanked Jay. She then called, "Tony?"

"I'll come in the morning to see how you are," Tony spoke from the darkness of the car.

WHILE Mrs. Ventura put Sylvia to bed, Trevor Russell began to tell for the first time the most thrilling adventure of his life. Dr. Ventura had provided him with steaming hot rum punch. Both Dr. Congreve and Dr. Ventura hung on every word. Even so, Russell was unable to concentrate.

The thought kept intruding that those two young men, who had been close friends all through the war years, who were partners now, were driving through the stormy darkness in a silence completely hostile.

THE morning following that brief storm was clear and fresh. Tony slept late. Jay abandoned his calculations of how much land in long-staple cotton, how much in cacao, and went swimming.

He did not look forward to the conversation he and Tony must have.

They had not been as silent on their drive home as Russell had guessed they would be. On the rough road beyond the town Tony had spoken: "Say it, why don't you? I took Sylvia as close to death as she will ever be until she arrives there fifty years or more from now. I knew the ship was in no shape for a long trip. Also, it seems from the beginning with Sylvia, I cut in on your territory. But you should have said so. I never was gifted as a mind reader. Incidentally—I doubt it has yet occurred to you—I've lost a plane—half yours, with no cash insurance on it."

Jay had interrupted then: "Let's skip it for tonight. We're both bushed."

"Suits me," Tony answered.

They had been silent then. Perhaps Tony, like Jay, began to remember the years, the countries, the missions through which they had been together, never so near the edge of quarreling.

Jay swam out to the reef. Within its curve the water was thirty feet deep but so clear he could see silver fish flashing against the coral bottom. When he came back to shore he sat for a long time smoking. Four war years—the best of his youth, and Tony's, as the phrase went. He never had been as close to any other man as to Tony; he never would be.

But the fundamental difference in their natures, which had not seemed to matter when life was measured in handfuls of hours between missions, made sharp cleavage now.

One's life was one's own to gamble with—that was average fighter pilot's philosophy. But someone else's life was not. For no vital reason, simply because the usual routine of asking Sylvia's father's consent to marriage, perhaps agreeing to delay, had seemed to Tony too much trouble, he had as blithely risked her neck as his own.

"Who am I to judge him?" Jay asked Jay, and tried to work out where he and Tony went from now on.

That plane at the bottom of the Caribbean convinced him of one thing: He was not in the least interested in running an interisland airline. He wanted to fly, sometimes, for pleasure. Flying had been the major preoccupation of his youth, would always be part of his world. But he wanted to live on the land and from it. He doubted Tony wanted that at all.

The practical details were difficult. As Jay had shown he loved Sylvia, the three of them could not now live together at Miramar, if Sylvia and Tony married.

The phrase repeated itself, "If Tony and Sylvia marry." Realization came to him with a kind of shock that she was as likely to leave San Vittore on the morrow with her father, leave both his life and Tony's forever. In reaction from her near catastrophe, Sylvia might be entirely willing to go. As for Tony, if he did not happen to get what he wanted when he wanted it, he usually forgot he ever had wanted it.

That thought was not critical, it was simply factual. Standing up, Jay felt infinitely better. Anger and bitterness toward Tony left him completely.

They would work something out. They always had.

AS he reached the veranda of Miramar, where Tony was finishing breakfast, Jay called, "Hi—feeling all right?"

Tony nodded. "More than ordinarily repentant for my sins. Listen. The important aspects aren't much use debating. Let me state I'm sorry. I am. What to do, I don't quite see. It depends on Sylvia, as well as myself."

He was flushed under his tan. When Jay started to speak, Tony said, "Just a minute. I'm a clown at apologizing, but I want to," and went on, "I've enough in the bank to pay for your half of that clunker."

"You own half of these acres. Don't be silly," Jay said gruffly.

Tony grinned. "Can you see me actually cultivating them through the never-changing seasons? Don't answer, brother. I can read your honest face. Well, we can postpone that issue for a while."

He held out his hand. "We've had a lot of years, Jay."

"Shut up," Jay told him affectionately. "We'll have a lot more." They shook hands gravely.

They were both relieved to see Trevor Russell's sturdy figure coming up the path from the road.

"No ill effects from our outing, I'm pleased to see." Russell seated himself, panting, and accepted their offer of coffee.

"A boat came in with extra mail from Martinique," he said. "I brought yours out. You always have so much."

(*Continued on page 50*)

ADDED BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION FOR EVEN THE MOST DISTINGUISHED CARS

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(*Continued from page 48*)

Tony said, "It's not as interesting as it looks. Just the usual assortment of post cards from pilots who are civilians or are working on air lines or stunting for pictures." He divided his pile and Jay's.

"Letter from 'Fearless' Fairfax for me," Tony mentioned.

WITH brief apology Tony began to read his letter. He lifted his blue eyes at one point and asked too casually. "Have you inquired how Sylvia Congreve is this morning? I plan to call on her and her father before lunch."

Russell hesitated. The color deepened in his always ruddy face.

"Don't call," he said. "Sylvia will be all right with a few days' rest. But Mrs. Ventura is keeping her in bed. She has a bad cold—not pneumonia or anything like it, but she can't leave with her father tomorrow. She'll stay on with the Venturas, join her father later."

He was so obviously suppressing something, that Jay asked straight out, "What aren't you mentioning, Russell?"

Trevor Russell glanced rather helplessly from one to the other, said, "Well, you're bound to hear it at the club," and told them:

"Dr. Congreve won't see you, Duane. In fact he has forbidden Sylvia to see you. She agreed, else he would have abandoned the South American trip, though his heart's set on it." He paused. "May as well finish, I suppose. He asked me to extend his most sincere thanks to you, Nash, for saving his daughter's life and says he will be pleased if you have a moment before he leaves to come and say good-by."

Tony broke the somewhat awkward silence: "Stop looking embarrassed, Russell. I don't mind playing villain to Jay's hero. By the way, did I ever thank you properly for your assistance in saving my neck?"

"Don't mention it," Russell said, and confessed, "It was a splendid adventure, since it worked out well."

"I was never worried about you," Jay assured Tony, "on the basis of the proverb that he who is born to be hanged never dies by drowning."

"Must go to work," Jay said when Russell had driven away with his car.

"I think I'll go fishing," Tony said.

He departed with a rod and tackle, walked upstream as far as the pool. His rod forgotten beside him, the fragrance of fern in his nostrils, he sat watching the water tumble down.

He thought of Sylvia's red-gold hair, the way her smile flashed, her courage and steadiness in what had been a very bad show.

He thought that the world always seemed lovelier on the days after one had come near leaving it.

He thought of Fairfax's letter in his pocket urging him to come join the project to hunt lost treasure by air in South American jungles.

"We might make a packet, and anyway we'll have fun," Fairfax had written.

The sun rose to its zenith and began to descend the cloudless sky. Still Tony sat quietly.

Sylvia was the last, the loveliest of a long procession of laughing girls whom he'd liked or wanted or loved somewhat, for their duration. Their names, their faces blurred as her name, her face would blur in time—

In a long time, he thought. This went deep—for me.

It was finished. She was content to have it so, else she would not have accepted her father's decision.

When Tony stood up and started down the hillside, his decision was made. He left Jay a note stating that he planned to dine in town but would be home in time for a nightcap. In town, he sought out Russell and pledged him to confidence.

That night Jay caught Tony's exuberant mood. They had several nightcaps, exchanging reminiscences.

"I don't know what we're celebrating," Jay mentioned, "but we're certainly celebratory."

"The row we didn't have and never will have," Tony told him.

NEXT morning Jay rose even earlier than was his habit. He wanted to lay out the day's work with the foreman before he changed his clothes and went to say good-by to Dr. Congreve.

His conference with the foreman took longer than he had expected, but although the sun was high when he returned to Miramar, there was still no sign of Tony.

He had bathed and changed when Anatole appeared, carrying a letter.

"Mr. Russell's boy just brought it. He said there was no answer."

The envelope was addressed in Tony's handwriting. It was heavy, as if there were many pages.

But Tony never wrote long letters.

Jay opened it with curious hesitation. Some sheets clipped together fell on the stone floor. Jay picked them up and saw that they were formally attested documents deeding Anthony Duane's half of Miramar plantation to Jason Nash.

The letter itself was not very long.

Tony wrote that a freighter was sailing in the morning for Barbados, where he could make connection for South America; that he was sailing on it to join Fairfax.

"San Vittore and I are somehow finished, as Sylvia Congreve and I are," he wrote. "But I couldn't bear to say good-by to you, brother. It is not good-by. I'll turn up one year to admire your prospering acres.

"Give Sylvia my best. She'll not miss me, ever, when she knows you a little better. Take some serious advice from one who bought it fairly expensively here and there. *Let* her know you better. She's pure gold, like you, Jay.

"We had a good celebration, didn't we? We'll have others somewhere, sometime."

Past the narrow harbor mouth now, heading southward in the open seas, a freighter was a dark shadow in the glittering bright waters, a shadow receding.

JAY did not see Sylvia when he called to say good-by to Dr. Congreve, but they met on the street a few days afterward.

Sylvia was still somewhat pale, and she seemed to Jay's anxious eyes to be noticeably thinner.

He walked home beside her. She was cordial and absolutely impersonal. So was he. Neither of them mentioned Tony, yet it was as if Tony were sauntering down the sunny street between them.

In a place so small, it was impossible to avoid meeting Sylvia, even had Jay wished to avoid her.

He did not love her less because she had loved Tony. But Tony's last casual advice in that letter had been absurd. No man with self-respect could tell himself, Since she's lost him, I'll offer myself as consolation prize.

He danced with Sylvia at the Visitors Club and talked about the music. He and she were guests at a deep-sea fishing party Trevor Russell arranged.

They discussed fishing.

When the Venturas asked Jay to dine (they, with Trevor Russell, had become Jay's closest friends on the island), Sylvia seemed as interested and no more interested in the progress of Jay's planting at Miramar, the arrival of the woven chairs for porch and dining room, than the doctor and his wife.

It was Mrs. Ventura who suggested, "You must give a housewarming, Jay. Sylvia and I will come to call and see how you are supplied with linen and silver."

They did come, bringing gifts of native cotton cloth for draperies and slip covers, admiring the view from Miramar's veranda, while Jay remembered that Sylvia once had promised to help him with the house's decorations.

The framed title to the plantation in his name and Tony's still hung on the living-room wall. Standing before it, for the first time since the plane sinking, Sylvia volunteered something not small talk.

"I am not joining father at all. I want to work out some sort of independent life — teaching, perhaps. Next month I'll go home and look into various possibilities."

Mrs. Ventura said, "We'll miss you so, dear." The bright blue eyes in her old face moved from Sylvia to Jay. Jay did not notice. He was thinking how desolate San Vittore would seem when there was no possibility of seeing Sylvia.

IT was as Sylvia was saying good night after his housewarming that she told Jay abruptly she had

made her sailing arrangements: She was leaving in a week's time.

What his face showed Jay did not know, except that her lovely face, regarding his, looked startled. He spoke clumsily, "I am sorry you are going," and then was aware that he was still holding the hand she had given him.

Next day he had a note from her: "I'd like to go once more on a picnic up your hill stream to that pool and waterfall. If I appeared Sunday with provisions, would you come with me?"

She wore a yellow frock. Her red-gold hair shone like a helmet in the patches of sunlight on the way.

She pretended to be very gay, but her smile was strained.

She was extremely unlike her usual un-self-conscious self until, at the pool above the waterfall, she took off her shoes and dangled her bare feet in the water.

"I remember you did that," Jay told her. "But your hair was wet that other time. I thought you were about fourteen."

"You stated I was too young to wear lipstick. Then I forgot. I fell in love with Tony for a fortnight."

"Yes," Jay said.

She watched her blurred reflection in the water.

"Now I am making speeches and you are uttering monosyllables again. Mrs. Ventura is a dear. She has been married forty-two years. Imagine!"

"She is a dear. What has that to do with anything?" Jay asked.

Sylvia lifted her clear eyes then. Jay's heart began to pound. But he was standing very still, looking down at her.

"It was imitation being-in-love. Mrs. Ventura says it was en route to becoming mature. It ended before Tony left. It ended on that boat that night when you were bringing me home."

He could not say even a single word.

"Here goes," Sylvia sounded desperate. "Don't interrupt. When I finish, I'm running away down the hill. You can eat that enormous luncheon by yourself. Mrs. Ventura fixed it specially."

"Sylvia, *please*," Jay implored.

HER cheeks were pinker than any rose in Dr. Ventura's garden.

"All right," Sylvia sounded furious. "Mrs. Ventura said she had to propose to the doctor. He was too shy, and she said I should to you if ever—"

She stood up. She burst into tears. She took a few steps on her way down the hillside. But she had forgotten her shoes.

Jay said, "Don't get your feet scratched." Jay said, "My dearest." Jay said, "Will you marry me?"

His arms went around her. He kissed her.

She said, when she caught her breath, "Yes, I will marry you."

THE END

OUT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Continued from Page 16

it takes to keep your phone working? But there's a lighter side to trouble shooting, too. We boys get inside houses and chew the rag. And you'd be surprised how often I come up against a lady living alone who'll start telling me her problems. But I never yet got in a spot I couldn't work my way out of. Believe me, we walk into some funny situations.

The scariest place I ever struck was a house in Brooklyn. When I rang the bell on the gate one cold February day, I heard a girl's voice from the basement—"Come in!" Then she began singing, and gosh, I never heard a more beautiful voice! Well, the gate was locked, so I rang again. A man came down from upstairs and let me in. I walked up into the kitchen, and after making tests decided the trouble was in the back yard.

This man and his wife said I'd have to climb out of the kitchen window to get out back. "I'm not a cat," I said. "Why, that's a ten-foot drop. Besides, how'd I get back in again?" Well, the two of them held a whispered conference and decided they'd have to let me through the basement. So the man drew a big bolt on the door, and led the way.

When I got down there, I almost keeled over. It was dark and filthy. There were no panes in the windows—just burlap sacks nailed across—and the snow had drifted in, piling up on the cement floor. Huddled in one corner of that dungeon stood a naked girl, shivering and singing and babbling away. Couldn't have been over eighteen. There was nothing for her to sit or sleep on. I didn't say a word, just fixed the wire out back. But soon as I left, I called my foreman. He went around there, and when he came back he reported it to the claim investigator, who turned the case over to the D. A. I don't know how the mystery was solved.

EMBARRASSMENTS a phone man learns to take in his stride. Stan was called to a swank apartment once.

He got no answer when he rang, so he asked the super for the key. As they went up in the elevator, Stan said they'd better make sure nobody was in. So the super bipped the button and right away opened the door. Surprise! A woman just getting out of the shower! The super beat it, leaving Stan to take the rap. He closed the door fast and gave the lady time to get dressed. Then he rang again, sweating gumdrops. She let him in without a word. He walked across the room with his eyes glued to the floor, fixed the phone, and then walked out again, his eyes still glued. Neither of them exchanged a word. We call that a hush case.

Before the war I had one regular customer where I'd put in a new phone cord every month. This woman's husband would go on a bender every payday and beat her up. But first he'd rip the phone out of the wall so that she couldn't call the cops.

Trouble shooters go from one extreme to the other—from a minister's house to dens of iniquity. Some places we don't want to go in, while others don't want us to come in. Like those big estates where you have to take along maps so you won't get lost. Stanley was called out once on a rainy day to a classy layout.

The lady said to him, "You'll have to take off your shoes. I don't want you spoiling my beautiful rugs." And she gave him some cheesecloth to wrap around his feet. He didn't blame her. One spot on a peach-colored rug and it's ruined.

On the whole, people are O. K. Pleasant people you naturally oblige. For instance, we're not supposed to move subscribers' furniture, because if a desk or china closet falls apart they could sue the company. But if they're nice, I'll help them move the thing, maybe even fix their radio or electric iron.

TAKE the old hermit lady in Brooklyn. I felt sorry for her, though she was a miser. She had some fine antique furniture, but the place hadn't been cleaned in months. She was wearing gold bracelets up to her elbows, and a big ring on every finger.

The house was cold as death—it was a bitter day in January—and she huddled in front of an electric range, telling me she had walking pneumonia.

Well, I found a broken wire outside the kitchen window. But when I opened that window, darned if all the panes didn't fall out. So I stopped worrying about the phone and tried to find a glazier in the neighborhood. By noon I had to call the office for another hand. We found a ladder, and while I was making with glass and putty, my pal built a fire in the kitchen stove with some old papers and letters. By 3 P. M. we had a nice fire going, every window was fixed, and we'd run in a new wire. The real payoff came when I knocked off that day and went out to my truck. Some fresh kid had let the air out of the tires.

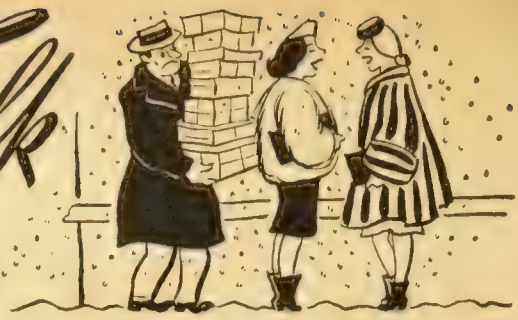
Every trouble shooter learns how to handle chronic kickers. They will report trouble day in and day out. There's no use telling them there's nothing wrong with their phone. They just get mad. The only way to deal with such folks is to use a lot of big words on them, like high-impedance ringers or crossed induction coils. And of course you have to go through the motions of fixing something. I've often taken a phone apart and put it together again. "Geez, man," I'll say, "no wonder you had trouble with your phone. But it's O. K. now!"

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

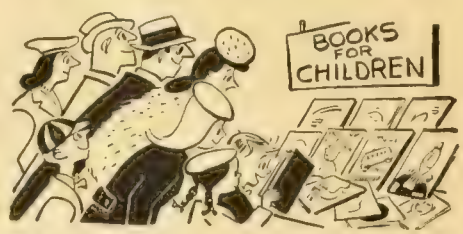


GIFT LIST: If you haven't already made a practice of listing your family's and your gifts as they are opened, may I suggest that you arm yourself with a notebook and pencil before S. Claus squeezes down your chimney? Even with such a book handy, you have to work fast to get the names of givers and gifts written down before cards and gifts are irrevocably separated, but it's worth the effort when you sweep into action on that raft of thank-you notes.

LAST-MINUTE DON'TS FOR CHRISTMAS: Don't give Grandpa an umbrella if he's too feeble to go out in the rain. Give him a bottle of imported brandy so he won't be tempted to prowl. . . . Don't give

Mother a pressure cooker unless you put a chiffon nightgown inside it. She'll enjoy the pressure cooker because it's a time-saver, but she'll be entranced with the lingerie because she loves to be treated as though she were glamorous as well as useful. . . . Don't give Pigtail Pat a sewing kit unless you also give her a muff or some monogrammed bobby sox. . . . Don't give Brother Rob a diary unless you give him ice skates or a baseball mitt or some skis. . . . Don't give five-year-old Tarzan a pair of military brushes (though his caboose may need them) unless you also come through with a scooter or a dump truck or a bike. . . . Don't give Dad *anything* that you don't pay for out of your own money. It's no fun for Dad to get a bill for his present, so don't charge that tie or those slippers or that lounging robe or briefcase to his account.

GIFT BOOKS FOR SMALL FRY: The Little Golden Books, published by Simon & Schuster, continue to be a delight both to children and to parents pressed into daily reading to their young. Bound in stiff covers and adorned with many illustrations, both in color and black and white, they continue to be a spectacular buy, priced as they are at twenty-five cents each. Three of the most recent are a hit in our house: The Taxi That Hurried naturally appeals to a city child, and The New House in the Forest would delight either a city or country product, what with the pictures of a house under construction in the woods, not to mention those of exceedingly animated fish and animals. The Shy Little Kitten is particularly distinguished by Gustaf Tenggren's warmly amusing illustrations, which rise to a fascinating crescendo, along with Cathleen Schurr's story, when a frog catches a bee in his mouth under the painful misapprehension that it is a fly. . . . Another recent book with special charm because of the illustrations is At Daddy's Office, written by Robert Jay Misch for his five-year-old daughter Mary. Roger Duvoisin's pictures contribute the humor that is so appealing to small fry. The book, published by Alfred A. Knopf, was introduced to the press and to a large and very vocal circle of four- and five-year-olds at a "Literary Cocoa" at "Daddy's Office," Daddy Misch being a vice-president of Al Paul Lefton Company, Inc., advertising agency. Artist Duvoisin did some on-the-spot sketches for the kids, and I am happy to report that my acquisitive lad got away with a pipe-smoking, umbrella-carrying duck, which he took to school the next day. . . . A perfect Christmas gift book is Sing in Praise, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is a beautiful collection of familiar hymns, simply arranged by Opal Wheeler, who has added the



stories behind many of the hymns. Marjorie Torrey's illustrations are joyously beautiful, making this a book to be treasured in many homes. The price is three dollars.

POP'S DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

Last year Pop asked for plain white shirts,
But there were none. And now what hurts
Is that *this* Christmas he may see
Another shirtless Christmas tree.

NATIVE SHREWDNESS

Continued from Page 15

"poses," was the stern reply. Tim pulled a gold watch from his pocket and pressed a little button on the side. The watch rang out the time with a series of melodic chimes.

Jock glared. "Not only do ye let me suffer wi' thirst, but ye take yon watch oot every hour to taunt me wi' it."

"If you valued this musical chronometer so highly, you shouldn't have wagered it, Jocko," Tim chuckled.

By dusk the Princess Palua was snugged to a long, rickety wharf near an abandoned banana plantation. After supper Trader Tim went to his cabin and dozed. At three minutes to midnight he awoke and waited for the bell on the bridge to bong. At five after twelve, the bell hadn't rung.

Tim climbed up to the bridge. No one in sight. He rang the engine room and whistled down the tube. No answer. He discovered that the crew's quarters were empty.

"It's the work of that Highland weasel," he told himself. "He's taken them all ashore to find the gold."

He went aft toward Jock's cabin. As he passed the galley, he heard a strange, yawping melody:

"Oh, Willie was a bauld young sailor
Wi' a heart sae guid an' true.
We fed him to the sharks last Monday,
An' they appreciated him too!"

Jock was seated in the middle of the galley floor, facing a semicircle of bottles. "Welcome, Timothy, my lad," he said. "Sit doon an' ha'e a drink."

TIM glared at him. "I might have known I couldn't trust you. What happened to everybody?"

"What happened to who?"

"There's no one aboard this ship but ourselves."

"I am still with you," said a soft voice.

Ratu Bula was standing in the galley doorway. "I told your crew to spend the night in a near-by village," said Ratu Bula in excellent English. "I am a high prince of Rukuruku, and to them my word is law."

"I do hope ye've na changed yer mind aboot sharin' the gold wi' us?" said Jock suspiciously.

"Gold?" Ratu Bula seemed puzzled. "There is no gold on Lau."

"No gold, ye say?"

"Don't move!" Ratu Bula ducked to one side as Jock started for him.

A massive ox-shouldered man with a bald elliptical head appeared at Ratu Bula's left. His right hand rested on the butt of an automatic pistol, which hung in a hip holster. He was accompanied by three shabby Orientals. All three carried small-caliber carbines.

"Gentlemen," said Ratu Bula urbanely, "I want you to meet Captain

Krenko—the Tiger of the China Sea."

Trader Tim studied the gargoylish features. "Could it be," he said, "that you are Captain Gregori Krenko whom I once had the misfortune to meet in Singapore?"

"You gassed it. And I haff not forgotten you eeder—Tim Mulrooney!"

Ratu Bula explained. "For many months Captain Krenko and thirteen of his men have been hiding in the hills of Lau. He needs a ship to take him and his men back to China."

"So you brought him a ship—*my* ship!" Tim walked toward the door.

"Huh!" Captain Krenko moved quickly. "Better we should shoot him now."

"You promised me there would be no killing!" Ratu Bula jumped backward, grasped the heavy steel door and slammed it shut. The lock clicked.

Jock stared at the door; then he took a long drink. "It appears that yon fat cannibal has tricked us," he said. "Who is this Captain Krenko?"

"He used to be a pirate," said Tim. "After being deported from the United States, he made a living raiding small passenger craft on the South China Sea. There was a sizable reward offered for his capture—dead or alive. Two thousand pounds, to be exact."

"Ye dinna say!"

"It might even be more by now." Tim tried the door, without success. "Look. Do you suppose you could crawl through that porthole?"

"Not wi'out transmugrifying myself into a cockroach. The steel porthole cover is clamped shut on the ootside."

Soon the ship began to creak and sway gently. The Princess Palua was moving across the lagoon.

"Hark," Jock said suddenly. "I hear someone comin'."

Tim picked up a large meat ax and stood by the galley entrance. "I hope it's Krenko," he said.

THERE was a tapping at the porthole. A voice said, "It is I, Ratu Bula."

"Ask him to open the porthole," Jock whispered. "I'll reach out an' strangle him."

"What do you want?" inquired Tim.

"Krenko will put me ashore in a dinghy when I have piloted past the reef. You are at last collecting the wages of sin."

"Ye've been misinformed," said Jock. "I ha'e been universally known as an honest, upright, seafarin' man."

"You swindled my brother, Ratu Joni, out of his land," said Ratu Bula. "My brother was chief of Kalemba."

"That worthless chunk o' jungle!" exclaimed Jock. "I wad gi'e it back to him if he hadna drunk himself to death on the whisky I traded him for it."

"The fact that he took advantage of your brother doesn't give you the right to steal my ship," said Tim.

"The Kalemba land rightfully belongs to my niece," the muffled voice replied. "Her name is Enid Rafaele."

"Oh, my!" Tim ran his hand through his hair. "The rosy light begins to dawn."

"You knew that my niece was of royal blood, Trader Tim!"

"My intentions were honorable," Tim insisted. "I admire Miss Rafaele greatly, and I would have been delighted to marry her if—"

"—if I had not prevented it by bringing you here," Ratu Bula interrupted. "She is not for you. I am determined that she shall marry a person of her own race and rank."

Tim was flabbergasted. "You mean you *don't want* me to marry her?"

"I would rather see her dead!"

"You've made a grievous mistake," said Tim. "I came here to search for gold so I could pay off my debt to the copra company and leave Miss Rafaele. Marriage appeals to me about as much as jumping into a pit of crocodiles."

"Is this the truth?"

"I swear it! And as far as the land is concerned, Mr. McWhirtle will be only too glad to sign it back."

"Aye," agreed Jock. "I ha'e the deed in my pocket. When signed an' witnessed by the two o' ye, the transaction will be entirely legal."

"In return," added Tim, "all that we ask is for you to unlock the door."

For several seconds there was no reply. Then the porthole opened, and Ratu Bula's pudgy face appeared. "It is a bargain," he said. "The ship is not far off shore. You can swim the distance easily."

Jock took a creased document from his inside pocket and started to write on it.

"How did you happen to get mixed up with Krenko?" asked Tim.

"I met him last month when I came to Lau to visit my cousin, who is chief of the east district. My cousin told me that Krenko offered him a hundred pounds to procure a ship. Here was a chance to help my cousin and protect my niece at the same time. Osaka arranged for me to meet Mr. McWhirtle. I knew he would be eager to take advantage of an ignorant native with a gold mine."

"You went to a lot of trouble for nothing," said Tim, squiggling his signature on the deed.

"I realize that now," said Ratu Bula, "and I am sorry that you will lose your ship."

"It's better than being shot by Krenko," Tim replied. "Now open the door."

"The deed first, please."

Tim handed him the paper. A few moments later the key squeaked in the lock. They hurried outside. Ratu Bula was nowhere to be seen.

"You can swim ashore if you want, Jocko," said Tim gravely. "But this is my ship, and I intend to stay."

"I'm aware o' what ye're thinkin'," said Jock. "D'ye think I'd jump in the ocean an' leave ye here wi' Krenko—a man who's worth two thousand pounds?"

"No," said Tim. "But there are fourteen of them to the two of us. We'll have to separate and ambush them one by one."

Jock rummaged through his capacious pockets and produced a pair of brass knuckles and a small blackjack. "If ye see somethin' ye think is me—whistle twice. Like this," he said. "I'll do the same." He scuttled off into the night.

Advertisement

"Now you get back in there and come through that door right."

Folks really rush to breakfast—when there's lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. Those whole wheat flakes are keen tasting. And loaded with rich nourishment. Tomorrow morning—don't say, "Hurry"... say, "*Wheaties!*" Watch 'em go for that famous "Breakfast of Champions."

IT had started to rain and the ship began to roll. Jock's legs wobbled a little. When he came to the forecastle, he peered into the crew's quarters. Only two men were inside. One was a Jap; the other resembled a Malay. The Malay was asleep.

"Ss-st!" Jock made a hissing noise.

The Jap glanced about, then picked up a rifle and walked toward the door. Gingerly he stepped outside.

The quiet thump of the blackjack was barely audible above the rain. As the Jap went down, Jock removed the rifle from his falling hands. He entered the forecastle and grasped the sleeping Malay securely by the hair. The man opened his eyes. Jock slugged him twice. After that, he pulled the Jap into the cabin and turned out the light.

"A stroke o' luck, indeed," he said. "Sooner or later the entire crew will require sleep. 'Tis merely a matter o' watchin' an' waitin'."

About ten minutes later he heard someone coming. Two men were walking approximately ten feet apart. Jock waited until the first man was well inside the forecastle before letting him have it. There was no hitch. The second man never knew what struck him.

The Malay started to groan, so Jock dragged him on deck and deposited him down the manhole which led to the cargo hold. To be on the safe side he put the others down there also. Then he clamped the cover shut.

"That's four done away." He went back to the cabin. "Only ten left. At this rate, I should ha'e the entire crew locked in the hold by—"

His hair suddenly bristled. Something had moved just outside the cabin.

A huge black figure appeared in the doorway. Jock brought the blackjack down with all his force.

The man stumbled into the forecastle, and two massive hands locked themselves onto Jock's throat.

Gasping for breath, Jock drove one knee squarely into the pit of his assailant's stomach. The man released his hold. Jock quickly knocked him to the floor with the blackjack.

Instead of passing out, the man grabbed Jock by the waist, and they rolled about the cabin, fighting like cats in a bag. Jock felt the big hands reaching for his throat again. Turning his head quickly, he bit the man on the wrist.

"You blasted baboon!" roared the other. He grabbed Jock by the hair. "Let go—or I'll shake your teeth out!"

"Tim!" Jock relinquished the wrist.

"So it's you," muttered Tim. "You nearly broke my skull."

"It's yer own fault," said Jock. "Why didn't ye whistle?"

Tim arose, massaging his head. "Have you run into any of 'em?"

"Four," said Jock. "I stowed 'em in the hold."

"I've put three in the paint locker and tossed one overboard," said Tim. "Everything was shipshape until you carelessly attacked me. I hope nobody heard us."

"Ye made enough noise to wake a corpse."

A switch clicked, and the forecastle was suddenly flooded with light.

"Hokay, smart guys, lift 'em opp!" Captain Krenko stood by the door, his fist wrapped around an automatic. "Julius—Nichi! Keep your guns at the portholes and shoot if they make one wrong moof!"

"Nichi, you come take the liddle runt feller aft," he ordered. "Me and Julius will handle Mr. Mulrooney."

Krenko's companions edged into the cabin. Nichi was a short splay-toed Jap. Julius was a gaunt creature with a heavy black beard. His eyes had a fixed glassy stare. Both men carried rifles.

Nichi jabbed his gun into Jock's ribs and prodded him out the door.

"Now, Mister Mulrooney!" said Krenko, "I haff decided to giff you a chance. I ain't really such a bad guy, you know."

"What's your proposition?" said Tim.

"I could sail this ship O.K., probably," said Krenko, "but I wouldn't be sure. I need a naffigator. Once we reach the south China coast, you could haff your ship back. All you got to do is—"

A rifle cracked twice. The sound seemed to come from the bridge.

"What was that?" asked Tim.

Krenko shrugged.

"You *killed* him?" Blood rushed to Tim's head, blurring his vision. Then the anger was upon him.

Krenko became alarmed. "Julius!" he shouted. "Watch out!"

Tim side-stepped, and Julius fired straight ahead, missing him by a good two feet. Seizing the rifle, Tim broke it in half over the man's head.

Krenko fired twice. Instead of hitting Tim, he inflicted a leg wound on the unfortunate Julius. Before Krenko could do any further damage, Tim hit him on the head with the rifle barrel. As his knees buckled, Tim grabbed him by the collar, dragged him on deck, and stuffed him headfirst into the manhole. Krenko's gun in hand, Tim then started for the bridge. He was looking for Nichi.

AS he neared the deckhouse Tim still hoped that he might find Jock McWhirtle alive. Tim wouldn't believe he was dead until he saw the corpse with his own eyes.

Upon reaching the midship deck, he saw it.

The body was lying face down. Tim could see the wrinkled blue coat and the battered cap that Jock always wore.

Tim knelt beside the body. "I'm sorry it had to end like this, Jocko," he said haltingly. "You were a good old chap in spite of your faults. I even regret cheating you out of your precious watch in that dice game—"

"So! Ye finally admit it!"

Tim looked up and saw Jock sitting on the bridge ladder. He glanced again at the remains. "You blasted eavesdropper," he said. "I thought you were dead."

"The luckless creature at yer feet happens to be Nichi," Jock explained. "He somehow tangled up wi' his gun, an' it shot him. They should ne'er allow them Japanese to carry firearms."

"But the cap and coat—"

"I surmised Krenko might be lookin' for a body, so I switched garments wi' Nichi. What happened to Krenko?"

"I stowed him and Julius in the hold."

"Why did they na shoot ye?"

"Krenko tried to—but Julius could hardly see me. He had cataracts on his eyes; Krenko was evidently too dumb to know."

"Ah," said Jocko thoughtfully. "That wad leave only three more to be accounted for."

THEY went below and found two Japanese playing cards in front of the furnace. Upon seeing Tim's pistol trained in their direction, the men bowed and smiled. Tim escorted them on deck and locked them in the hold with Krenko and the others, and rejoined Jock on the bridge. "I can't find anyone else aboard," Tim said. "Say, this chap at the wheel looks like a lascar."

Jock nodded. "It wad be difficult for the two o' us to operate this ship. Therefore I ha'e told this Hindu he may stay at his post—providin' he behaves. If he disobeys, I ha'e guaranteed to slit his gullet!"

"The Ratu brought us luck, after all," said Tim. "With the reward I get for Krenko I can pay off my debt to the copra company and go into the salvage business. I know of an island where there are tons and tons of tanks, guns, and trucks rusting in the sun. I can salvage that scrap iron and sell it for a fortune—"

"Ye're forgettin' something," said Jock. "Half o' the reward money belongs to me."

"I'll see that you're taken care of," Tim promised. "As master of this ship, I am the only one who can claim the reward. Instead of returning to Rukuruku, I intend to head for Fiji. The colonial office at Suva can quickly get in touch with Singapore and certify my claim—"

"Ye mean that I dinna get half?" Jock persisted.

"It wouldn't be correct," Tim admonished him.

"So ye intend to cheat me oot o' the money—just as ye cheated me oot o' my watch!" scowled Jock. "What aboot all those fine words ye spoke to me when I was dead?"

"As a corpse you possessed certain virtues," said Tim. "Alive, I find you painfully avaricious."

"But, losh, man—I'm yer friend!"

"For the remainder of this trip you're the engineer," said Tim. "Your duty is to keep up a head of steam."

"An' should I refuse?"

"That, Jocko, would be mutiny." Tim became stern.

For three days and nights Jock lived in the engine room. Trader Tim spent most of his time above deck, now and then standing a trick at the wheel to relieve the helmsman. As the Princess Palua neared Suva harbor, Tim could see the sails of a pilot boat.

"Tim!" Jock clattered up to the bridge. "There's a fire aboard—in the hold! The prisoners must ha'e set fire to the dunnage!"

They hurried forward. Tim stood by the hold, sniffing. "I don't smell anything," he said.

"'Tis comin' oot by the manhole," said Jock. "Stand here."

Still sniffing, Tim approached the manhole and bent over. "I still don't smell anything—"

That was all he had time to say. Jock raised his blackjack and lowered it forcefully on Tim's yellow thatch. As Tim stiffened, Jock quickly opened the manhole and shoved him into it feet first. The cover clanged down.

Whistling cheerfully, Jock strolled back to Trader Tim's cabin. He washed the engine-room grime from his hands, shaved, took several bracing drinks of whisky, and went on deck to meet the pilot.

COLONEL CARLTON-SMITH, Colonial Secretary of Fiji, leaned back in his swivel chair and regarded Jock McWhirtle admiringly.

"Jove!" he said. "I'd never have believed it possible. One man against fourteen—or was it fifteen?"

"Fifteen," said Jock. "I hurled one overboard, put three in the paint locker, an' ten in the hold. I kept one on deck to steer, o' course."

"And you did it single-handed?"

"No," said Jock sadly. "All credit is due to my late departed friend, Trader Tim Mulrooney."

"You buried him at sea?"

"Aye. In a shroud, heavily weighted wi' whisky bottles."

"He must have been a remarkable man." The colonel shuffled some papers on his desk. "We've identified Krenko already. A bad character. Had a record in China, joined up with the Japs in '42, and committed a number of atrocities. There's a thumping good reward for him too."

"Ye dinna say!"

"Two thousand pounds. We haven't any information on the others yet. There's one in particular who looks like an archcriminal—a big blond chap. He fought like a tiger all the way to the jail."

"That's the ruffian who killed puir Trader Tim," said Jock. "The man is daft—positively daft!"

"I guessed as much," said the colonel. "He claims that *he* is Tim Mulrooney."

"The cheek o' him!"

"Homicidal maniacs often try to assume the personality of a victim," the colonel stated. "We're shipping the whole pack of them to Singapore for identification."

"Tomorrow ye say? Will I ha'e to wait long for my reward?"

"I don't think so. Krenko is identified positively. The money should come through as soon as the paper work clears."

"Thank ye, sir. I'm verra obliged to ye."

As Jock left the secretariat he seemed to be walking on air. He entered the nearest pub and ensconced himself in a comfortable chair behind a potted palm.

He had taken only six or seven drinks when he was mildly aware of a face peering at him through the leaves of the potted palm.

"You low treacherous billiken! I ought to break you apart with these two hands!"

Jock was alarmed. The potted palm had suddenly become offensive. It no longer looked like a potted palm; it looked like Trader Tim.

Tim seized Jock by the collar and shook him vigorously. "So you thought you could claim the reward and send me packing off to China before anyone was the wiser!"

"Let loose, ye sea ape! How'd ye get oot o' quod?"

Tim sat down and poured himself a drink. "I was identified by Ratu Bula."

"I thocht Bula went back to Lau?"

"No. He was hiding aboard ship, in the steering machine house," said Tim. "You'll not get that reward now, Jocko."

"I'll get half o' it, at least."

"Ah! So you finally found him!" Ratu Bula approached, his rope cigar at a jaunty angle. "I will buy you both a drink in honor of my niece, Enid Rafaele. I have just received a radio message from her. She is married."

"Married?" frowned Tim. "To whom?"

"To Oska. He has been in love with her for some time."

"You're new here, aren't you?"
LIBERTY

"I never did like that fat scoundrel." Tim's pride was considerably injured by Miss Rafaele's sudden transfer of affection. "I dare say he'll have Enid running the pub for him in a month."

"Enid will not have to work any more," said Ratu Bula. "She is very wealthy."

"Hoots!" exclaimed Jock gleefully. "Ye always wanted to marry a rich lassie, Tim. Ye missed yer chance! I'll drink to that one!"

"Wealthy, eh?" said Tim. "And where did she acquire this fortune?"

"The gold you were searching for belongs to her," said Ratu Bula. "The nuggets I carried were merely specimens taken from her land. You will soon find out that the Kalemba district is the richest gold field in these islands."

JOCK choked on his drink. "Kalemba!" he spluttered. "That's *my* land! It's my land an' my gold!"

"No," said Ratu Bula firmly. "It belongs to you no longer." He bowed stiffly and walked away.

"Ho!" Tim's laughter shook the walls. "This is one time you weren't so clever, Jocko! Searching for gold when you had it right in your pocket all the time. I'll drink to that!"

"'Tis humiliatin'." Jock glared at the carpet. "Yon aborigine has just swindled me oot o' a fortune."

"Cheer up," said Tim. "It's possible that I could use a man like yourself in my salvage business—providing you were willing to invest your share of the reward money."

Jock shook his head. "Ye'd cheat me the minute my back was turned."

"Not necessarily. You have bargaining talents which would be valuable to me. Therefore it would be to my advantage to split the profits with you fairly."

"Ye only want my share o' the money."

"The islands where I intend to operate are considered the most beautiful in the southern ocean," declared Tim. "The girls are noted for their grace, charm, and affection. The men devote their entire time to making whisky."

"Whisky, ye say?"

"The nineteenth-century whalers taught 'em the art of distillation."

"'Tis a lie," said Jock. "Yet—the way ye tell it, a man less worldly than myself might be taken in."

"We'll be rich within a year," Tim insisted.

"I believe 'twas Bobby Burns who said if ye walk wi' the devil, ye'll be certain o' yer destination. Since we're both certain to end up in the same place, we may as well tread the road together."

"That's the spirit, Jocko!" Tim thumped him on the back convivially. "What's past is past. From now on we're friends, companions—partners!"

"Aye," nodded Jock. "An' noo—will ye kindly gi'e me back my watch?"

THE END

Metro has teamed Katharine Hepburn and Robert Taylor in a sleek, sure-fire mystery-romance. This is Taylor's first movie since his three-year stint in the navy.

Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

UNDERCURRENT

UNDERCURRENT is a sleek and suspenseful movie which brings Katharine Hepburn and Robert Taylor back to the screen in a sure-fire hit. Hepburn, who took an eighteen-month sabbatical from the M-G-M lot, and Taylor, returning from three years in the navy, are teamed in a mystery romance which is expert evidence that their high-priced talents aren't rusty.

Taylor, playing a heavy for the first time, is a tycoon with a temper who marries coltish Katy, a professor's daughter. Though Taylor shows her how to live in style (dresses by Irene, upper-crust Washington cocktail parties, and horse-breeding in Virginia), she soon has unique in-law trouble. Taylor has a brother who's vanished mysteriously, and Hepburn, to spike rumors that her husband has killed him, attempts to track him down. She gropes through a maze of tension and terror while first trying to save her marriage—and eventually her own skin.

Along with mounting the film on lavish sets, Metro gave ace director Vincente Minnelli and the two stars an excellent supporting cast—Robert Mitchum, Edmund Gwenn, Marjorie Main, and Jayne Meadows, a provocative blonde from Broadway.

They all help to make Undercurrent a top mystery on the marquee.

Making his debut as a heavy, Bob plays a tycoon with a temper who marries Katy and takes her on a far-from-sunny honeymoon.

Hepburn resorts to powder-room research about her mysterious husband and his even more mysterious brother who's missing.

Unique in-law trouble dooms the marriage and makes for a very dramatic picture.

Supporting the stars in a small role, Robert Mitchum gives a fine performance.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

SONG OF THE SOUTH (Disney). A merry re-creation of the Uncle Remus stories with cute kids, catchy tunes, and ingenious additions to Disney's menagerie.

HUMORESQUE (Warner Bros.). A polished and provocative movie which features fine acting by Joan Crawford, John Garfield, and Oscar Levant.

MARGIE (20th Century-Fox). A sweet, refreshing comedy of young love set in the era of flappers, coonskin coats, and the Charleston.

THE STRANGE WOMAN (United Artists). Ben Ames Williams' popular novel has been adapted into a costume piece, starring Hedy Lamarr.

DECEPTION (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis and Claude Rains vie for acting honors in an engrossing backstage drama of musical artists.

THE DARK MIRROR (International). This is an absorbing supercharged thriller with Olivia De Havilland excelling at playing twins.

THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

Fight a little..

Play a little..

Love a Lot!!

that's

Loretta Young · David Niven

IN

HAL WALLIS'

PRODUCTION

"The Perfect Marriage"

with

Eddie ALBERT · Charlie Ruggles · Virginia Field

Rita Johnson · Zasu Pitts

Directed by LEWIS ALLEN · Screenplay by Leonard Spigelgass

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"You'd better see 'The Perfect Marriage.' It comes pretty close to being the perfect comedy." —Jack Moffit, ESQUIRE

"Oh, stop being ornery and tip him!" LIBERTY

HOWARD HUGHES

Continued from Page 9

few friends. Even his closest business associates admit that they don't always understand him.

Among his cronies are Jack Frye, president of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.; Noah Dietrich, executive vice-president and director of the Hughes Tool Company, and Glen Odekirk, assistant to the president of Hughes Aircraft.

Hughes is a lanky fellow, six feet three inches, who acts and talks a little like Gary Cooper. When people bore him, he pretends not to hear them. He doesn't pay the slightest attention to Mrs. Post's or anybody else's etiquette rules, though he is instinctively courteous. For years he was going around in the same dark-blue suit with baggy pants. Frequently he appeared in a swank restaurant in tennis sneakers. Hughes is the sort of fellow who casually invests a couple of millions in a new business venture but hates to buy a new business suit. Last winter he caused a minor sensation when he appeared at a night club in a new expensive suit.

"They must have fitted him while he was asleep," a friend said.

Being a very rich man, Hughes can afford to look like a poor one. Not long ago, two newly hired employees at the Hughes Aircraft plant in Culver City, California, saw a riveter wearing coveralls come in by the rear gate. He carried a thermos bottle and a paper bag containing sandwiches. He prowled through the factory, casually looking at plans and planes. The new employees were told by an old-timer that the "riveter" owned the joint.

Hughes' capacity for work is terrifying. Even Hollywood was impressed when word got around that he directed The Outlaw in the daytime and at night designed a new "super-plane" which later became the Hughes Flying Boat. When Hughes and Jack Frye worked on the Constellation, they secretly conferred from 6 P.M. to 3 A.M. Before going to bed they would breakfast at an all-night cafeteria. By 11 A.M. Hughes would be up and busy again. Such hours are routine for him.

His associates attribute his success in business to this terrific capacity for work, coupled with an excellent memory for figures and an analytic, blueprinting mind. He has an X-ray look for schemers and promoters.

"Howard seldom puts anything down on paper, but he knows exactly how much a man owes him," one of his associates said.

Hughes has no central office from which he directs his far-flung industrial empire. In fact, he has no office at all. He runs his companies strictly by long-distance telephone. A few years ago he lived with a couple of servants in a big early-Spanish-type house behind the Wilshire Country Club in Beverly Hills. Now he stays most of the time in his hotel suite at the Los Angeles' Town House, which is his legal address. In New York he lives at the Sherry-Netherland. Improbable as it sounds, he doesn't even have a desk. He simply grabs a phone, wherever he is, and starts calling people all over the country, getting them out of bed in the middle of the night.

DINNER at his hotel apartment is like a scene out of an early Harold Lloyd picture. A composite picture of a Hughes dinner might go like this: There are a couple of phones within easy reach. Between soup and salad he is likely to see a vice-president and a few bankers. While he eats his meat, half a dozen engineers appear, carrying blueprints. The phones keep ringing and Hughes offhandedly closes a business deal that runs into six figures. During the dessert a couple of minor millionaires are ushered in, having cooled their heels in the anteroom. By the time Hughes has his coffee, a new shift of people sit around the dinner table. The visitors and associates are on the verge of exhaustion, but the phones are still going strong, and so is Hughes. Few men have the stamina to stand such a killing pace.

Not long ago Hughes invited a girl for dinner. She looked even prettier than usual, but her charms were utterly lost on Hughes, who nodded to her pleasantly when she came in, and never spoke to her again during the evening. The poor thing was forgotten under the torrent of phone calls, blueprints, balance sheets, and telegrams.

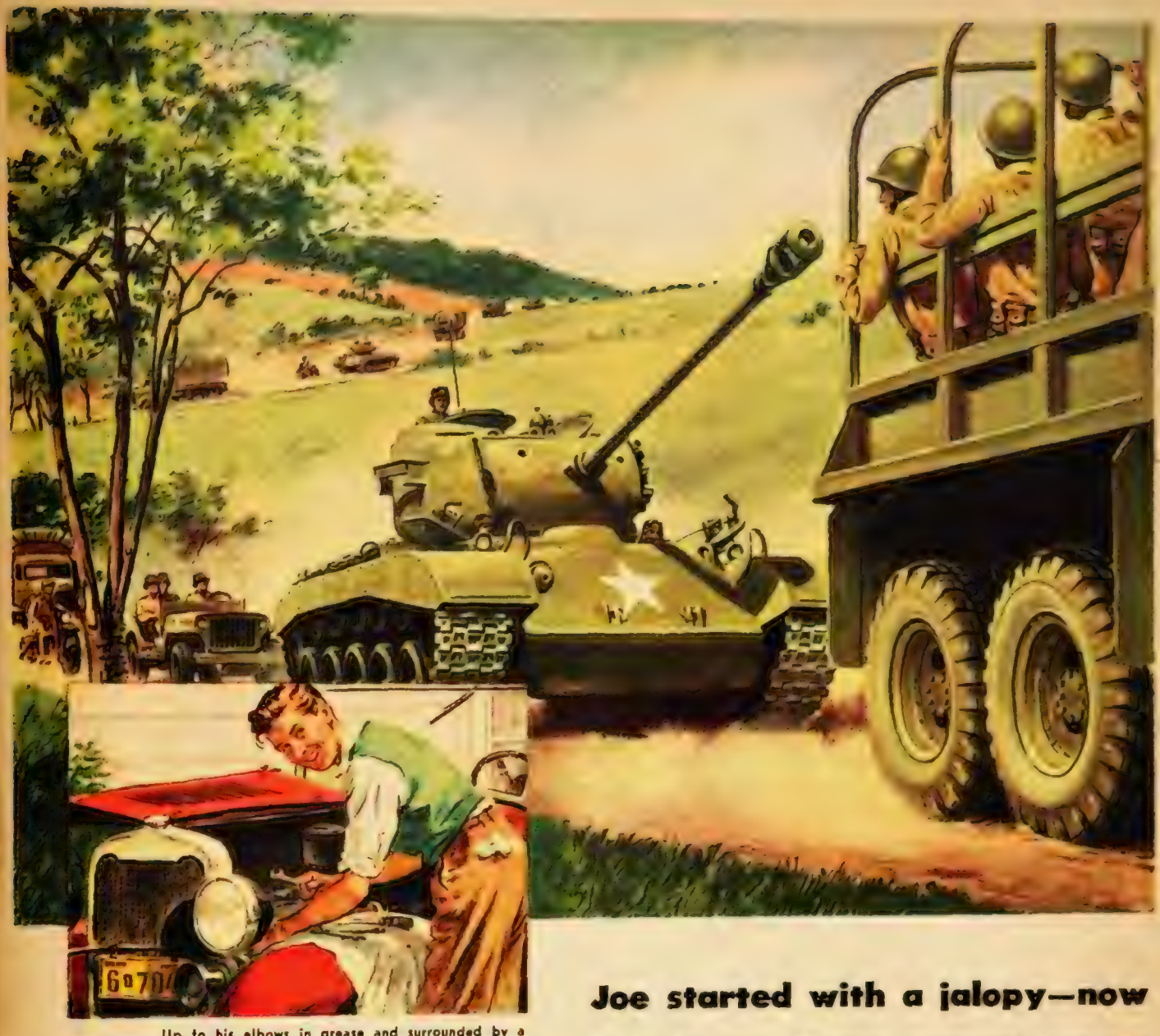
The reason for this fantastic rush of activities is the fact that Howard Hughes the multimillionaire also happens to be Hughes the world's largest manufacturer of oil-well drills; Hughes the owner of the Gulf Brewing Company, largest in the Southwest; Hughes, controlling stockholder in the TWA air line; Hughes, producer of thirteen motion pictures; Hughes, designer of world-famous airplanes. To appreciate this one-man National Association of Manufacturers, one has to follow Hughes on the different levels of his activities.

HE was born on the Christmas Eve of 1905 in Houston, Texas. He was educated at Fessenden School in Massachusetts, Thatcher School in Ojai, California, and went to the Rice Institute of Technology in Houston. He was an excellent football and baseball player, shoots golf in the lower 70s and is an expert bowler. But most of his time he spent toying around with machines. When he was twelve he built a self-starting motor for his bicycle and made a radio sending set out of a doorbell.

Hughes' father was an engineer, scientist, and inventor, an ingenious and charming man from whom Howard Hughes has inherited his technical skill. The older Hughes had invented and patented his own rock bit, an oil-well drilling device that cuts through solid rock. In 1903 he founded the Hughes Tool Company in Houston. For a few years it was the Sharp-Hughes partnership, but in 1916 the elder Hughes bought out his partner. By 1922 the company supplied Hughes' rock bits all over the world.

Howard Hughes was eighteen and planned to enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology when his father died, one year after his mother had passed away. It was a terrible blow for Howard, who had always been very close to his father. They had worked and played together like two brothers.

(*Continued on page 60*)



Up to his elbows in grease and surrounded by a backyard-full of spare parts, the teen-age jalopy genius has become an important American tradition.

Joe started with a jalopy—now he's in the Army Ground Forces

American young men know a lot about the insides of engines. Usually they've spent hours stripping the old jalopy down to nuts and bolts and putting it together again.

The U. S. Army has machines that make an automobile look as simple as a thimble, but the man who picked up a knowledge of mechanics in his own backyard can learn to make them work—with ease.

The tanks, trucks, bulldozers and mobile armor that make up our fast-starting, hard-hitting Ground Forces open new vistas for the man who likes to know what makes things go.

Maintenance is the backbone of a mechanized force. The U. S. Army is constantly engaged in finding new and better ways to keep 'em rolling. Army vehicles are well cared for because the men who keep them in shape are *trained for the job!*

The tanks and armor which spearhead ground attacks are the best equipped and maintained in the world. The American soldier moves forward with confidence—he leads the advance in ground-eating giants.

The modern Army is a laboratory and testing ground for the latest engineering developments, and its soldiers are in on the ground floor of progress. They see tomorrow's improvements today—in an outfit where new twists are commonplace.

Today thousands of young men are choosing the Regular Army life. The Army offers unexcelled schools for training in over 200 trades and skills, a world-circling variety of assignments, and a rich opportunity for men who want to launch interesting careers and useful, profitable futures.

Any qualified, physically fit young man, from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent), may enlist in the new Regular Army. Increased pay, excellent food and quarters, and the chance to advance make the Army one of the finest careers open today. Ask for details at your nearest Army Recruiting Station.

Listen regularly to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail" and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

(*Continued from page 58*)

There seems to be no agreement among the people around Hughes concerning the question how much he inherited from his father. Hughes himself states that the Hughes Tool Company was worth only $650,000 at his father's death, "and even that was not in cash." This figure is based on the official valuation by the U. S. government appraiser. Other sources indicate that he was a millionaire when his father died. He rejected offers to sell the company, mainly for sentimental reasons.

"It was too much part of my father," he would say. Under Texas law he could not assume actual control of the business until he was twenty-one. He applied to the court and was granted control of the estate "without any supervision or interference of others."

THE oil boom in the Southwest proved a bonanza to the Hughes Tool Company, which soon had thousands of employees in Houston, Oklahoma City, Los Angeles, and New York, supplying about 75 per cent of the rock bits used in oil-well drilling throughout the world. Last year's sales ran up to $30,000,000.

During the war the company took on the manufacture of airplane parts and castings, and also erected a special plant where an experimental airplane, the Hughes D-2, was built of wooden materials under the Duramold process. Later the government awarded the company a contract to build high-speed photographic reconnaissance planes, such as the XF-11, in which Hughes crashed. One of the many thousand telegrams after his accident came from Ralph A. Williams, financial secretary, Local Union 1742, United Steelworkers of America, C.I.O., saying, "The entire membership of Hughes Tool Local Union Nos. 1742 and 2457 are wishing for you a speedy recovery. . . . May God bless you and bring you through a complete victory is our sincere prayer."

Evidently the Hughes Tool Company did not satisfy Hughes' ambitions. Two years after he'd taken over, he left Houston and went to Hollywood. His uncle, Rupert Hughes, the novelist, was working there as director and scenarist, and Howard stayed with him.

"He fell in love with the movies right away," Rupert Hughes remembers. "When a friend of his father, the actor Ralph Graves, suggested that he become a motion-picture producer, he accepted right away. From then on he would spend most of his time on the stages."

Howard Hughes' attorneys pointed out that even rich men go broke in Hollywood. "I was told that the movies were the trickiest, meanest business of all."

Hughes reacted with another declaration of independence. He amended the charter of the Caddo Rock Drill Bit Company, another Hughes subsidiary, so it could produce "movies as well as drilling machinery."

Hollywood received the twenty-year-old man with open arms. Through the Caddo Oil Company, another Hughes enterprise, Hughes owned oil wells in the Caddo fields in Louisiana. Evidently, Hollywood reasoned, here was a sucker who didn't know what to do with all his money. The skeptics and chiselers smacked their lips in anticipation when Hughes' first production, an opus called Swell Hogan, was so terrible that he himself termed it an atrocity.

His second picture, Everybody's Acting, returned a profit of $75,000 on his original investment of $150,000. His third picture, Two Arabian Knights, won the Academy Award for the best comedy of the year. After that, there were no more jokes made about Howard Hughes the "sucker."

His production of Hell's Angels, a $3,000,000 silent picture, made Hollywood screen history. When the era of sound began, the picture had to be reshot at an additional cost of $1,000,000 with an unknown girl named Jean Harlow playing the lead. Everybody predicted that Hughes' new $4,000,000 investment would break his financial neck. But Hell's Angels grossed $8,000,000 and was a world-wide hit.

Hughes the starmaker launched the screen career of Pat O'Brien in The Front Page, and introduced Paul Muni and George Raft in Scarface. His latest production, The Outlaw, will hardly be remembered as a celluloid epic, but Hughes is confident that his $3,000,000 investment wil gross many times that amount. Initial grosses seem to bear out his optimism. In Los Angeles alone the picture has grossed $550,000 during its first run and was seen by more than 1,000,000 people. Hughes personally directed most of the picture that brought new fame to Jane Russell, once a dentist's receptionist.

THE real fun started when the picture opened in San Francisco early in 1943. It ran fourteen weeks. Then the Hays Office banned it. Hughes canned the picture, hired press agent Russell Birdwell, and for the next three years fired publicity broadsides into the American public. The picture was shown again in San Francisco last April. The Motion Picture Association of America, of which Hughes was a member, promptly objected to the advertising and exploitation which was based strictly on Miss Russell's curvaceous silhouette. Hughes resigned as a member of the M.P.A.A. and sued his former brethren for $5,000,000 for damages attributed to M.P.A.A.'s interference. Whereupon the Johnston Office, successor to the Hayes Office, ordered Hughes to turn in the Production Code Certificate seal of approval.

Hughes the pilot got his first taste of flying at the age of fourteen when an army flier took him up in the air. He has flown his private plane ever since he got his license. He has tested every plane which he designed and built and has set any number of transcontinental records. His specialties are the overloaded take-off and accurate navigation on long-distance flights. He figures he's made more than 25,000 take-offs and landings. He owns one of the country's largest private air strips, which is 9,115 feet long. In 1938 he flew around the world and was planning a nonstop globe-girdling flight when the war intervened. Instead, he began to design planes for the U. S. Army. His design of a twin-boom fighter plane had won a government-sponsored competition in 1938. Later

(*Continued on page 62*)

"Not a bad hand, Buddy, but I've got something here that beats it!"

LIBERTY

COMMEMORATING THE BIRTH OF A

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY

What the Alcoholic Beverage Industry has contributed to the Nation's Economy in the 13 Years since Repeal

THIRTEEN years ago at this time we Americans gave up a misguided experiment.

From 1920 through 1933, we tried to abolish the use of alcoholic beverages while they were being made and enjoyed in other countries.

The experiment was a hopeless failure. We gave it up—and re-established legal sale—"by the people, for the people and of the people."

For thirteen years this industry, operating under strict supervision and regulation by Federal, State and local government, has carried out faithfully, to the best of its ability, the mandate from the American people to produce alcoholic beverages of sound quality.

In the discharge of this responsibility the industry has become an important element of our national economy.

Back in 1933 and 1934, when we were recuperating from one of the worst business disasters in our history, this newly established industry helped to speed recovery, giving direct and indirect employment to millions and providing new and substantial markets for the products of our farms and factories.

Among the American industries that were benefited *then*—and are still being benefited *today* are: Bottles, Cans, Glassware . . . Corks and Closures . . . Machinery . . . Lumber . . . Real Estate . . . Equipment and Fixtures . . . Fuel, Light and Power . . . Transportation . . . Farm Products including Grain, Grapes and Other Fruits . . . Paper and Printing.

What The Legal Alcoholic Beverage Industry Stands For

Today—in contrast with conditions in the 14 years when alcoholic beverages were sold illegally—there exists a legal industry with thousands of respectable, law-abiding, licensed retailers, aware of their social obligations and pledged to these principles:

1. To promote the principle and practice of moderation.
2. To confine sales strictly to legal hours.
3. To maintain clean, orderly establishments.
4. To refrain from serving knowingly anyone under legal age.
5. To avoid selling intoxicated persons or those of questionable character.
6. To cooperate fully with control authorities in enforcement of the laws.

Again in World War II, when our vital rubber supply was cut off, this industry pitched in and produced more than 40 per cent of the industrial alcohol needed for synthetic rubber and a long list of essential war products . . . earning a commendation by the War Production Board, "*for your magnificent accomplishments in the service of the nation in its time of peril.*"

Last, but not least, are benefits shared through taxes levied on these legal beverages. Since Repeal, the public revenue on alcoholic beverages has exceeded 20 billion dollars.

These billions have gone into Federal, State and local treasuries for hospitals, education, veterans' care and rehabilitation, old age pensions and other necessary public services.

We take modest pride in bringing you this short review of progress on our thirteenth birthday since Repeal.

Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc.

10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.

A Nation-wide, Industry-wide Public Relations Organization for the Alcoholic Beverage Industries

(Continued from page 60)

on, a contract was awarded to Lockheed to build a similar twin-boom plane famous as the Lightning.

Later he designed the Constellation in the laboratories of Hughes Aircraft. This time he made the Hughes Tool Company assume the original contract for the plane's construction. He gave a $20,000,000 I O U to Lockheed, and TWA got an option to buy the planes which they required. After making twenty-five test landings all by himself, Hughes, with Frye as co-pilot, flew the first Constellation from Los Angeles to Washington, chalking up another record: six hours forty-eight minutes.

Hughes' aviation activities are not restricted to designing, building, and flying planes. The $10,000,000 aircraft department of the Hughes Tool Company is one of the foremost research companies in the entire aviation industry. Hughes was pioneering in the use of wood in aircraft-part manufacturing when the steel situation became critical. Practically every B-17 and B-24 carried the Hughes flexible ammunition feed chutes and electric booster drives for machine guns, which he developed on his own initiative.

A Hughes associate, Jack Frye, had become operating vice-president of TWA in 1930 and president in 1934. In October, 1944, the Civil Aeronautics Authority approved acquisition by the Hughes Tool Company of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc. Today Hughes owns approximately 45 per cent of common stock in TWA, now renamed Trans World Airline. Hughes' latest, most ambitious air venture of all is the 212-ton flying boat for over 700 passengers, largest airplane in the world that will cost over $20,000,000.

HUGHES was married only once, to Ella Rice of Houston. He was divorced in 1929. Since then he's been "linked" romantically with many leading ladies of the screen and otherwise. After a transcontinental flight in 1937 he caused a nationwide sensation when he sent a telegram to Katharine Hepburn, SAFE AND DOWN IN NEWARK, and was seen with her the following day in Chicago. Crowds waited in front of the marriage license bureau but a representative of Hughes made the laconic announcement, "Mr. Hughes will not get married today."

At one time or another Hughes was "certain to be engaged" or "reportedly" betrothed to Jean Harlow, Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner—at least according to the society reporters and professional gossipers—but so far all reports and rumors are untrue.

Asked why Hughes never married again, a friend of his recently answered, "Perhaps because so many women are anxious to marry him."

In other words, girls, where there's life, there's Hughes.

THE END

ON THE BEAM

So air lines won't compare with the railroads as either freight or passenger carriers? Here's a refutation in simple arithmetic

BY WAYNE PARRISH

EVEN with the impressive daily demonstrations of transporting cargo by air, there are still a lot of skeptics who can't see the airplane as an important factor in the cargo business. No one in aviation believes the airplane is going to replace the railroad—such a notion would be silly; but the airplane is going to become increasingly important as a cargo carrier.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, in a series of well-written advertisements in newspapers and magazines, has been taking some good-natured jabs at the air lines. But beyond the humor has appeared a lack of understanding of what today's airplane can accomplish.

For example, the Southern Pacific says: "We'd like to see an airplane tote a trainload of oranges from Los Angeles to Chicago, or 5,000 tons of pig iron from Provo, Utah, to Pittsburg, California—or 2,500 tons of newsprint from British Columbia to San Francisco."

Well, moving 2,500 tons of newsprint from Vancouver to San Francisco would require a sixty-car railroad train and about five to seven days for the trip. (Rail freight moves in the United States at an average speed of 16 m.p.h., and thirteen days is the average turn-around time for freight cars.)

For the airplane to carry 2,500 tons of newsprint over the same distance, let us take the Boeing Stratofreighter. It has a pay load of 20 tons, so 125 plane loads, or 125 flights, would be needed. Flying time is about three hours. Using each plane twelve hours a day (a reasonable utilization), only twelve planes would be needed to move the newsprint in about five days, or only nine to do it in seven days.

But here is the most interesting twist to the whole argument: The Southern Pacific freight train would be devoted exclusively to hauling that newsprint, while the Stratofreighters have space on the return trip for the equivalent of a whole trainload of oranges. So nine to a dozen Stratofreighters could do double the work of that one train in the same period of time.

The Southern Pacific remarks that it can carry 500 passengers in one of its streamliners between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and that it would take a pretty big airplane to carry so many. We agree about that—but it would take only four fifty-passenger Douglas DC-4 transports to carry 500 passengers *each way* in the ten hours it takes for the streamliner to cover the distance. Thus four transport planes do double the job of one 500-passenger streamliner in the same amount of time. And when bigger and faster airplanes come into service in 1947 and 1948, the comparison will be even more pronounced.

Air lines can't begin to match the cargo tonnage of the railroads and have no intention of even trying; but remember that small cargo planes carried 776,532 tons "over the Hump" between China and India during the war. The airplane *can* haul cargo—and does.

Yes, "Cat," a Slip *Was* Showing

Sharp-eyed readers have spotted a slip in our recent description of the XPBM-5A, in which the Glenn L. Martin Company has modified the 30-ton Martin Mariner flying boat into an amphibian. We said a tricycle landing gear had been installed (with the single wheel under the forward hull) "and that was something new for amphibians." Readers particularly reminded us about the Consolidated Vultee Catalina. They are correct. The PBY-5A Catalina was fitted with tricycle gear about the time the United States got into the war.

Our apologies to the "Cat," which gave yeoman service during the war.

This 1947 Stinson Voyager 150, a 4-place high-wing monoplane cruising at 125 m.p.h., is in production at the Stinson Division of Consolidated Vultee at Wayne, Michigan.

THE GIFT OF LAUGHTER

Continued from Page 11

"Start early—dress warmly—heat bricks. Not to drive fast."

"But wait," Mr. Bergman said. "I have even bigger news. Why do you think your papa wants to have the sleigh brought in? If it was only him, he could come out on the train and walk down through the woods."

"Why, Mr. Bergman?" Karen asked breathlessly.

"You are going to have company!"

"Company? Who, Mr. Bergman? Please, please tell us!"

"Have you been good children all week?" he asked, delaying.

"Oh, yes," they insisted.

"And you, Tilda," he twinkled. "What in the name of heaven is that contraption on your head?"

"It's Tilda's new wig," Karen said quickly. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"You can find it on page 101 of the catalogue," John said. "A bird's-nest puff and curls, it's called. A crown for a lady. It cost three forty-nine!"

Mr. Bergman leaned back and looked at Tilda thoughtfully. "Turn around," he said, and she turned archly. "Crown," he murmured, and Karen felt uneasily that he was choking back waves of laughter. "Christmas crown!" he snorted.

TILDA smiled happily at being the center of attention. She was tiny, birdlike, and past sixty, but Papa said they were lucky to have her for all her cackling and foolishness. She was kind and it was hard, Papa said, to get a housekeeper to go to a farm ten miles out of town where there were five motherless children. Tilda had ordered the wig secretly and it had come less than four days ago. She had gone to her room, with her hair so thin and scraggly, it made only a tiny corkscrew of a knot on top of her head. Then appeared with a luxuriant head of hair. Cherry and Eric had screamed and run to Karen.

Tilda had eyed the five of them doubtfully but sternly. "You von't dare to make fun," she'd said.

"Oh, no, Tilda," Karen had assured her. "It's so curly and brown." Not for anything would she have hurt the old lady's feelings.

"I fix up nice," Tilda had said. "Sometime I get a hoosban."

"And leave us?" Ruth and Eric cried.

"No, Tilda von't leave. You good shildren." And she had patted their heads.

She had taken the wig off and shown them how it was made on a frame. She'd even let Cherry touch one of the brown curls.

"Tilda," Mr. Bergman teased—"now, if I wasn't married—"

"You and your yoking." Tilda bridled.

"Mr. Bergman," John reminded him, "you said there was news."

Mr. Bergman, in true Scandinavian manner, savored the full dramatic importance of the moment. He drew himself up in his chair, wiped his reddish mustache. "All right," he said. "Here it is. Your Aunt Jennie and Uncle Charlie are coming!"

"*Aunt Jennie? Uncle Charles?* From clear back east out here to Idaho?" John asked incredulously.

"That's right," Mr. Bergman beamed.

Tilda jumped up so fast her wig slipped to one side. She stood there, a solemn, ludicrous figure.

"Your dead moder's sister!" Tilda breathed, looking dazedly about her. "Kringlor I have made. Butter is churned and bread I have baked—"

"Sorenson said he knew you'd have it good for them." Mr. Bergman nodded. "Now, John, what about that coyote I hear you shot?"

For long moments after their neighbor had made his vigorous departure, Karen and John and the old housekeeper stared at one another.

"Keep it from the little vuns," Tilda warned, "or they vill never go to sleep."

"John," Karen said suddenly, "I'm going with you tomorrow."

WHY BOB TOOK THE LONG WAY HOME
HEAR THAT FIDDLE, BOB? MUST BE A SHINDIG AT MONTY'S HALL TONIGHT
RECKON SO... BUT I'M HEADING BACK WHEN WE CORRAL THIS HERD
SO LONG. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT REDHEAD FROM THE BAR X RANCH
OOOH NO! IF SHE'S GOING TO BE AT THE PARTY... SO AM I
LOOK AFTER THE HORSES, JOEY...: AND HOW ABOUT A RAZOR?
STEPPIN' TONIGHT, HUH!
MAN, WHAT A BLADE... THIS IS SOME SHAVE!
DON'T YOU GET A LIFT THOUGH, EASING 'EM OFF WITH A THIN GILLETTE?
WHO'S THE SMOOTH-LOOKER WITH JIMMY?
THE NEW TRAIL BOSS FROM THE STAR RANCH, BUT I SAW HIM FIRST!
HOW ABOUT ME SEEING YOU HOME, HONEY?
HHMMMM... AFTER BEING ON THE TRAIL ALL DAY?
THOSE THIN GILLETTES DO A LOT FOR A MAN
AMONG LOW-PRICE BLADES THE THIN GILLETTE IS THE SHARPEST AND EASIEST-SHAVING BY FAR. YOU GET QUICK, SMOOTH SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST AND FEEL THAT WAY TOO. THIS BLADE FITS YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY AND PROTECTS YOU FROM THE SMART AND IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES
Gillette
BLADES

"But what will Papa say? He told Mr. Bergman to have me bring in the sleigh."

"Papa didn't realize. It's Christmas! We'll have a chance to go into stores."

"And yust think, Yohn," Tilda reminded, "what Mr. Bergman say about the coyote."

Karen threw her arms around her brother. "John! The bounty money! Six dollars, Mr. Bergman said they'd pay. I told you somehow our dreams would come true. For days we've worried. We wanted Christmas as Mama would have had it. But there wasn't any money. No chance to get to town. Now—"

"You are rich," Tilda smiled. "You are smart boy, Yohn, to shoot the coyote."

"Well, I couldn't let him get the chickens, could I?" John said gruffly, but Karen knew he was pleased.

Ruth and Eric were still dallying by the heater, warming their feet. As Karen hustled them off to bed, she kept thinking and planning.

Aunt Jennie had visited them once in Minnesota. Dimly Karen remembered she was tall and fair as their mother had been. She had no children, and tomorrow Karen could talk to her about Cherry, and if Aunt Jennie took a fancy to Cherry—why, it wouldn't seem that they were losing the smallest one if someone in the family had Cherry.

"Tilda, do you think you could put Cherry's hair in curlers in the morning?"

Tilda's small dark eyes met Karen's in a long understanding look. "I fix her up nice," she said.

IT was still dark when Tilda awakened them in the morning, but in the warm kitchen the lamp shone brightly and their breakfast was ready. She helped John and Karen fold their long underwear carefully over their ankles so lumps wouldn't show through their black knitted stockings. Outside it was bitterly cold, and Tilda tied scarves over their heads to keep their ears warm. John had on his well-worn reefer and the pants that came to his knees. Karen's plush coat was too small, shiny, and worn in spots. Last year their clothes had been new—

After John had the team harnessed, Tilda carried out the hot bricks and wrapped both children snugly in the homemade quilts. In one corner of the sleigh, tied together, were the ears and tail of the coyote.

Little bits of snow flung backward by the horses' hoofs pelted them gaily. Stars shone palely in the blue-gray winter sky. There were lights in houses along their way, but the landscape was still and whitely magical. Soft mist wreathed around the horses' heads from their breathing. The sleigh bells tinkled merrily. Karen laughed in pure joy and then was suddenly quiet. They had laughed so little since Mama had gone.

"I couldn't find a sitter."
LIBERTY

They were more than halfway to town when they heard the long whistle. Barney and Clyde accelerated their speed.

"It's the train, John!" Karen cried.

Now the horses had their ears flat and the sleigh flew along the road. John hauled hard at the reins, standing and bracing himself against the seat. Suddenly the engine tore around the bend. The earth shook with the noise of it. The team was galloping. Then, as quickly as it had come, the train passed with a last roar.

The gallop slowed to a run, then finally to a walk, and Karen loosened her hands from their grip on the seat.

"Pretty exciting, wasn't it?" John grinned at her. "Papa said that once he met Doc Saunders' automobile and Clyde and Barney like to have gone crazy."

The clock in the New Meadows courthouse tower was fifteen past nine when they drove up and went in for their bounty money. The clerk gave John a silver dollar and a five-dollar gold piece.

"We're rich, John, we're rich!" Karen exulted as they came out. Then, more quietly, she said, "Of course, John, the bounty money is really yours. To do with as you wish."

"It's for all of us," John protested quickly, "for Christmas."

They drove to the livery stable with the team, for Papa never left horses standing in the cold snow. They walked down the street, saw their father outside Walker's Emporium.

"Papa! Papa!" Karen cried, running up to him. "Papa, have they come yet? Have we time to buy our presents? Papa, did you know that John shot a coyote and we collected the bounty money at the courthouse?"

"Not so fast there," Papa said sternly. "Karen, why are *you* here? You know what a rattlebrain Tilda is, and here today your aunt and uncle are coming on this visit. If they like the country, it might mean their staying on in New Meadows. With Tilda alone with the three younger ones today—what do you imagine things will be like when we get there?"

Karen's heart, at her father's words, sank despairingly. It was true about Tilda—she'd been so excited about Christmas gifts and about seeing Aunt Jennie. If she'd stayed home, she could have kept Eric and Ruth in order while Tilda got the house ready.

"OH, Papa," John explained, "Karen wanted to have Christmas like—like Mama would have had it. We've been wanting to buy presents. We—"

But Papa already was wiping the tears from Karen's cheeks. "Of course, of course," he said. "I didn't mean to speak so crossly. It's only that I—"

"You want to have things nice for our company, Papa," Karen tried to reassure him. "Tilda has baked so many good things, and we've got the tree up."

"And Tilda's got a new wig," John told him. "Mr. Bergman called it her Christmas crown."

"A wig!" Papa repeated incredulously. "God save us!"

A mischievous little grin lighted Papa's features. "Is it pretty bad?" he asked confidentially. Then quickly, "No, don't tell me or I'll worry about that, too, all day. Come on, let's go into the store. First of all, here's a dollar apiece. Christmas spending money."

"A *dollar!* Oh, Papa! Are you sure you can spare it?"

"I've got the bounty money," John said. "I—"

"Better take the dollar, son. I only wish it was more. I've already bought a few trinkets for all of you. We'll have all the forenoon to look around. I know you'll want to do some buying alone," and his eyes crinkled under his bushy eyebrows, "but you've got to help me now. What do you think Tilda would like?"

"Goods for a dress," Karen said promptly. "Black galatea with tiny pink flowers on it. There's some in the catalogue she keeps looking at."

Karen was spellbound by the wonders of the Emporium. There was a huge round stove in the middle of the store. The lady clerks wore black sateen aprons and cuffs. After they'd made a sale, they put the articles and money in a basket, gave the cord a quick yank and the basket whirred high across the store and up to a balcony. Soon it rode the wire down, with the package all wrapped, and change ready for the customer. It really was wonderful.

There were ribbons and beads, tucked silk waists with high collars,

crystal hatpins, fringed white bedspreads hanging over a ledge. On the ledge, too, was a green sateen pillow embroidered in pale yellow. The design was a swan surrounded by green leaves.

"John!" Karen clutched her brother's arm. "The pillow. For Aunt Jennie and Uncle Charles. We'll tell them it's for their new home in New Meadows. Oh, John, they've simply got to stay!"

They went with their father while he bought the galatea for Tilda, long ribbed underwear for the younger ones, a fur cap for John with a pull-down band. They looked at coats for Karen, then Ruth. The one he finally selected for Karen had a cape. It was piped in red flannel. The other coat was of cheviot and trimmed with velvet. One was four dollars and ninety-eight cents and the other three dollars and ninety-eight cents.

The clerk brought out several dresses and Papa looked longingly at them. He felt of the goods, looked at the price tags, and thought very hard. Then he said, "Let me see the list Tilda gave you." He spent minutes going over it.

Suddenly John spoke up: "I—I think we'd better give you back the two dollars, Papa," he said steadily. "We can spare some of the bounty money, too."

A wonderful shine lit up Papa's face! Karen had never seen his eyes so blue or so kind. "No, you won't need to do that. I'm going to talk to Mr. Walker himself. I'll tell him about the timothy in the warehouse and he'll let me have credit. You two go on now and do your own shopping."

THE green sateen pillow was seventy-nine cents. Shirred purple sleeve bands for Uncle Charles were special at fourteen cents. They bought a fluffy brown Teddy bear for Cherry. A little bit of the fur was off on one side, so it was marked down, but Cherry would never notice. For Ruth there was a doll that closed its eyes. Eric's toy train had eight cars. And for Tilda they found a hairpin cabinet with more than a hundred crimped hairpins in it. They bought tissue paper and ribbon to wrap things in, as Mama had always done. And then, their crowning purchase with the last of the bounty money—clamp-on skates for Papa.

They separated to spend the money Papa had given them. Karen found double-knit red mittens for Cherry and Eric for ten cents a pair. A blue velvet hood for Ruth marked down to thirty-five cents. Horsehide gloves with thick soft fur inside. She slipped her hands in them. John's hands were always chapped with cold. "How much?" she asked the clerk. She had just enough. "I'll take them. They're for my brother!" and there was a singing note in her voice.

They carried all their purchases to the livery stable and Papa drove to the depot. Here a year ago Mama had marshaled them off another train. Papa had been waiting for them on the platform. Karen's throat grew tighter. Papa's face was drawn and pale, and John was very quiet. The train came puffing in, but even in the confusion they heard the deep groan that tore up through Papa's tall spare frame. "Helga—Helga!"

The next moment he had straightened. "Here they are!" he cried as a tall lady and a taller dark-haired man stepped from the train. The man had two large strapped valises in his hands. With a pang Karen noticed his clothes were ever so much nicer than her father's. Her eyes moved to Aunt Jennie. For one dreamlike moment it was as if Mama stood there. She had the same brown hair and beautiful complexion. She was wearing stylish cloth-top button shoes and a brown suit with a long coat trimmed with silk braid. On her head she wore a velvet turban. She had a fur neckpiece and carried a muff.

But now the world was spinning round and round for Karen. She felt as if she would be sick. These two beautiful people—dressed so grandly—would never like it here. How plain New Meadows would look to them—how bleak the countryside! And how would it be at the farm, with the younger ones driving Tilda to distraction all day? What would it be like to these two?

The two men shook hands and Papa told them how glad he was they had come. Aunt Jennie was saying, "Andrew, we're here! We're here!" and half laughing and half crying. Papa said he had the sleigh waiting and they would go to the hotel and eat. John's hand gripped Karen's even tighter as Aunt Jennie came toward them.

"John! So big you are! I wouldn't know you. And Karen, your braids, like golden wheat in the old country!" She drew them close to her and Karen shut her eyes and held on tight. She had to, for it was as if love flowed out from Aunt Jennie.

"I had to come," she kept saying. "To Charles I gave no peace. The little ones, are they well? Careful of those valises now. My trunk is in the baggage car, and I must have it. It's Christmas, you know," and she smiled richly at Karen and John.

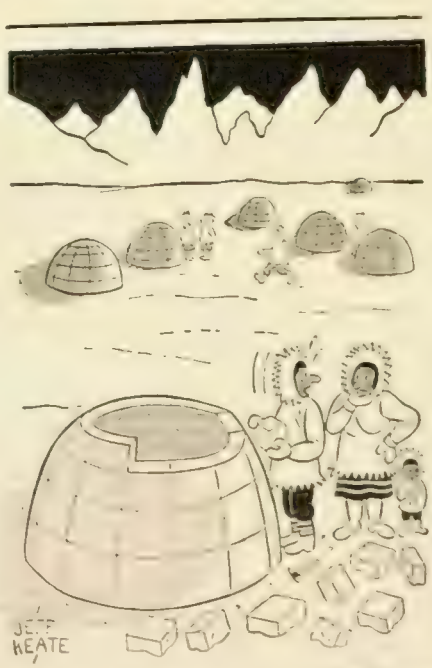
Papa and Uncle Charles got in the front seat of the sleigh. John and Karen sat on either side of Aunt Jennie in the second seat.

The grown-ups talked lively enough for a while. Then a quietness descended, and Karen knew it wasn't any use. Mama wasn't there and nothing would ever be the same again. You could talk, buy presents, pretend, and still, there it was.

And Papa—now she saw how frayed and worn Papa's suit was, even though he kept it so clean and well brushed. Why, Papa was practically shabby compared to Uncle Charles! Yet Papa had bought so many things for them that morning. Karen looked at his hands, work-worn, tensely clasped together as he tried to make things agreeable for Uncle Charles and Aunt Jennie.

She knew, too, that seeing Mama's sister and her husband was like opening an old wound. Papa must be remembering how hard Mama had had it. There were dark circles under his eyes and deep pain lines etched on his face.

The meal was finally over and they were in the sleigh heading toward the farm. And now John sat between the two men in front. Karen told her aunt about the greenness in the spring, the buttercups and violets, and then about Cherry. But all the time she kept worrying about Tilda and how things had gone in the farmhouse throughout the day. What would things look like to the visitors?



"What do you mean, it's not just what you had in mind?"

LIBERTY

THEY came closer to the Sorenson farm, and Papa decided to drive over the back road, so he could show them the woodland timber.

"You've got a fine stand of trees here, Andrew," Uncle Charles said.

"It's beautiful!" Aunt Jennie cried.

Karen's heart lifted, then dropped as she realized that coming in the back way, no one in the house would see the approach of the sleigh. If they had come on the other road, either Tilda or the children would have seen them or heard the sleigh bells and had at least a few minutes of last preparation. Papa had forgotten that. But Karen couldn't tell Papa. She simply had to wait in agony and hope for the best.

Papa left the horses standing by the gate and helped Aunt Jennie down and they went up the path. Now Karen was conscious of the sagging roof on the woodshed, the house badly needing a coat of paint.

Papa said happily, "The children tell me they have a fine big Christmas tree all decorated and waiting for us!"

Before Aunt Jennie and Uncle Charles could reply, all of them were transfixed by a scream from inside the house. Even as they stood there, horrified, another scream tore the air, followed by a bumping and ominous crash.

Papa flung open the door and they all pushed in. No one had thoughts of the Christmas fragrance or the warmth of the house, for at the bottom of the stairs, Cherry, bruised and outraged, was crawling out of a box in which she had just descended the steps. Shrieking gleefully as they rushed down after her, came Eric and Ruth. From the kitchen, Tilda came hurrying.

As she caught sight of Papa and his guests, then the tumult of the children, she cried out, "*Herre Gud!*" dropping the pan of apples she was carrying, so they rolled in every direction. In her confusion her new wig, the bird's-nest puff and curls, slipped to one side. She pushed it, and it went backward.

It was a ghastly moment! On the floor Cherry was so frightened she couldn't cry yet, her hair still in rags, while Eric and Ruth looked guiltily downward.

For an infinitesimal space of time there was silence, then Papa and Uncle Charles tore their eyes from the fascination of Tilda's wig, looked at each other, and simultaneously began laughing. They laughed until the room rang with it.

At first Tilda, her head cocked sideways, looked incredulous, and Karen could almost see the pattern of her thoughts. It was the first time she had ever heard the sound of rich laughter in this house. There was half pain, half understanding as they laughed at her. She could be hurt or—

Tilda rose magnificently to the occasion. She jerked her head to the other side, so that the wig slipped again, this time in even a more grotesque position. She clowned until all the house was filled with laughing.

AND suddenly Karen, watching her, forgot Tilda's wrinkles, the sparse gray hair straggling down under the wig. There seemed to be a circle of light, a golden nimbus around Tilda's head, like the pictures of angels in the big Bible.

Aunt Jennie moved impulsively toward the housekeeper and put her arm around the tiny birdlike figure. "Don't you mind them laughing, Tilda," she said. "We'll find something to laugh at them, too."

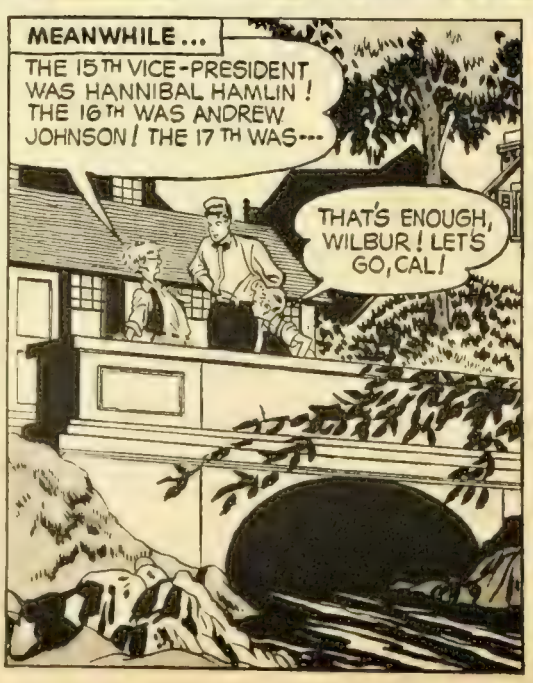
Laughter had come again to the Sorenson home. It would be a Christmas as Mama would have had it. Aunt Jennie and Uncle Charles would stay on in the new country. Karen knew it.

She looked at Tilda again. Perhaps sometime she could tell Tilda about the light around her head, because it really had been for all the world like a crown. A Christmas crown!

THE END

THE THROPP

WHEE! LISTEN! I'M A GENIUS! OUR SIXTH VICE-PRESIDENT WAS D.D. TOMPKINS OF SCARSDALE, N.Y. GOODBY, PEASANTS!
A MIRACLE! WILBUR'S A QUIZ KID!
FROM JUST ONE DRINK OF OUR ATOM FIZZ?


MEANWHILE...
THE 15TH VICE-PRESIDENT WAS HANNIBAL HAMLIN! THE 16TH WAS ANDREW JOHNSON! THE 17TH WAS---
THAT'S ENOUGH, WILBUR! LET'S GO, CAL!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

HOW MANY PEOPLE WILL DRINK YOUR ATOMIC FIZZ IF I TELL THEM IT'S A DOG MED- ICINE ?
HE'S GOT SOME- THING THERE, OZZIE !
SOMETHING ? HE'S GOT ONE THIRD OF OUR BUSINESS !

Continued next week

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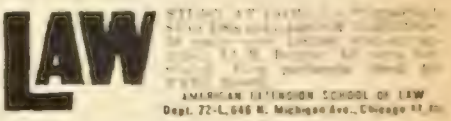

"Certainly I'm taking the ladder! We may have to live in a tree!"
LIBERTY

WHAT IT COSTS RUSSIANS TO LIVE

Continued from Page 13

that bad, however. These prices we have been quoting are those of the nonration, "commercial" store such as Mostorg; of the nonration government commission shops where citizens take spare suits or old china to be sold at second hand. And the same prices obtain in the free trading that goes on around the fringes of the big farmers' markets, technically illegal but winked at by the militia.

BUT these commercial prices have no connection with the prices for rationed goods. Using his ration coupons, a Russian can buy enough food to keep him going and some items of clothing at prices so low he scarcely bothers to add up the rubles.

Indeed, if he could always be certain of buying all the black bread, butter, cheese, caviar, meat, fish, sour cream, cucumbers, tea and sugar that his ration calls for, he would have little to complain of. He would have an adequate, if not generous, diet at a cost of five or six dollars a week. The same is true of clothing.

At the moment, the government is engaged in a delicate balancing act which, it promises, will end sometime next year with a merger of "rationed" and "commercial" prices and stores. Ration prices are being raised, a little at a time, and commercial prices lowered. The two eventually will meet, probably about halfway between the present levels. Apparently the leveling-out will take place on a plane considerably higher than present prices, because wages are to be increased to meet the new costs.

Since the war the shelves of the rationed food shops have not been too well filled. During the war the Russian often had a choice between starvation and buying in the open market. Today the food situation is better, but clothing, pots and pans, knives and forks, any kind of personal or household necessity are extremely scarce.

This is natural enough, as the government simply stopped making consumers' goods *of any kind* during the war. Civilian production is reviving somewhat but is still just a drop in the bucket for 200,000,000 people, starved for consumers' goods for five war years and many prewar years.

In fact, since the announcement of the postwar Five-Year Plan, there has been a good deal of grumbling, particularly among older Russians. The new Five-Year Plan will do wonders for the Soviet steel industry. It will rebuild the ruined cities of western Russia. It will set up tremendous new electrochemical and metalliferous bases in Siberia and the Far East. It also calls for more consumers' goods—in some cases increasing production by 100 per cent or more. But these increases are figured on a very narrow percentage base.

Russia now makes enough shoes so that every citizen should be able to buy a pair every two or three years. Shoe production is being jumped several hundred per cent. By 1950, if all goes well, a Russian *should* be able to buy a pair of shoes every year. So you can see why so many Russians still go barefoot in the summertime and why so many will still go barefoot five years from now.

A Russian friend of mine works in one of the State publishing houses as an editor and translator. His salary is 1,500 rubles a month—about $120. This is a better-than-average salary for an ordinary Russian civil servant. He is married and his wife has a job in an electrical plant. It is her responsibility to see that the workers of the factory get proper food in the plant cafeteria, and she looks after accident cases and minor illnesses. Her salary is 1,000 rubles, about $85, a month. They have two small children, both boys. One is in the all-day nursery attached to the electrical plant where the mother works, and the other goes to the public school and looks after himself until the parents get back from their jobs at night.

On a budget of $205 a month this couple spends probably $40 to $50 a week for food, depending not so much on prices as on how much they have in their pocketbook. Their ration-card purchases cost them, usually, less than $10 a week, depending almost entirely on what the ration store has to sell. The rest of their food money is spent in the free markets and "commercial" stores. Also, they often spend their "free days" going out by train to the little villages where they can buy, directly from the peasants, eggs, milk, potatoes, cucumbers, tomatoes, and even a little meat and cheese.

RENT is a minor item in their budget. They pay about $2.50 a week for a two-room flat in a rather run-down building; but they count themselves fortunate because they have fairly decent plumbing, electricity, and the gas in their section of the city is reliable. There is a deduction from their salaries of about $2.50 a week for social services, medical care, dental care, union dues, vacations, kindergarten for the youngsters, and so on. Income tax for the pair amounts to about $2 a week. If they had four children, they would not have to pay any income tax; and sometimes they talk about this, wondering whether they could manage it. The only other fixed expense which they must meet is a pledge of a "voluntary contribution" to the government and a weekly purchase of defense bonds. These two add up to about $12.50 a week.

Thus the basic expenses of this couple total between $60 and $65, while their income is only about $50 a week. That means that they run behind at least $500 a year and still have figured nothing in the budget for clothing, entertainment, luxuries, or any emergency.

How do they manage?

Well, one thing is easy! There are hardly any luxuries to be had, so they do not have many temptations. Entertainment is no problem, either. It is almost free. They get tickets to plays, concerts, operas, ballets, even football games through the plant and office at which they work. They pay only a few kopecks for these tickets, hardly worth putting down in an account book.

Movies cost about 20 cents apiece.

During the war no one in Russia had a vacation. Now that peace is here, my friends do not have to worry about saving up for a vacation—the state pays for that. They are entitled to two weeks in the Caucasus or the Crimea, where they can stay at the small resorts which the publishing house and the electrical plant maintain just for the use of their workers.

That leaves the clothing problem.

During the war my friends bought hardly any clothing. Somehow they made the things they had do—although the children were a major problem. Luckily both were boys. The baby wore his brother's castoffs. The older boy got along on suits made from a spare skirt of his mother's, a jacket of his father's, a few pairs of socks which his grandmother knitted of yarn from a worn-out sweater.

The greatest crisis which my friends faced came the winter when both of them wore out their *valinki*, or felt boots—a necessity in the Moscow climate. At that time a decent pair of *valinki* cost about $100—if you could find them. The Petrovs were already spending more than their basic income just to get along—milk for the two youngsters, for example, at $2.50 a quart.

NOW they were faced with spending at least $200 for footgear. What did they do? They did the same thing they had done in similar crises: they looked over their possessions to see what they could sell. They had long since disposed of the Spanish shawl which Nina had inherited from an aunt. Two years before, it had brought nearly 2,000 rubles—more than $160. After that they had sold Petrov's accordion. They put it up at the commission store at what they thought was an extraordinary price—4,500 rubles. Within two days it was sold, and, deducting the state's commission, they cleared about $350.

They still had one major asset—the dinner service which had belonged to Nina's mother. It was a silver-and-mother-of-pearl service, a rare asset, not to be marketed lightly. After nearly a week of discussion, of visits to the commission shops to check prices, they selected half a dozen knives and forks for sale. These were snapped up. The net proceeds, deducting state commission, came to nearly $400.

The Petrovs got their *valinki* and had enough money left over to meet their monthly deficit for some time.

My friends are not unique in Russia. For a good many years Russians with any fat have been living off it. Other Russians have been working very hard and winning good bonuses for overproduction of their quotas. That way they have been able to meet the cost of living. For those Russians who have neither fat to live off nor ability to earn premium pay, life has been very hard.

Now that the war is over, can my friends look forward to times which will be a little less difficult?

I doubt it. Certainly they can't if the Five-Year Plan is an accurate guide; and, needless to say, the Five-Year Plan has been drafted as a blueprint of what Russia may expect in the next half decade. The bright spot is food. If all goes well and the crops don't fail, the Russians should be getting enough to eat and paying reasonable prices for their bread, buckwheat, and sunflower seeds by next summer.

BUT the Five-Year Plan is not being geared to turn out electric carpet sweepers or bicycles to ride to work. It is set up to expand Russian steel production from a probable present production of 15,000,000 tons to 25,000,000 tons in 1950. And that steel isn't going into new toasters or can openers or skillets. That steel is going into new rolling mills, Bessemer converters, pig-iron plants. It is going into machine tools for other industries, into rails, freight cars, locomotives, and signal towers. The plan calls for a doubling of Russian rail mileage, as well as the rebuilding of all the thousands of miles of roadbed destroyed by the Germans. It calls, for instance, for the replacement of 13,000 bridges destroyed in the war.

The Five-Year Plan provides for a terrific boost in automobiles and truck output. Russia hopes to make 800,000 to 1,000,000 cars and trucks by 1950. That will take plenty of steel, not only for the cars and the plants to make the cars, but for the highways on which the cars will run. Up to now, Russia has no highway network—only a handful of military roads. Most Russian cities have no pavement beyond the city limits—only dirt roads such as you used to see in Iowa or Illinois thirty or forty years ago.

Under the Five-Year Plan, too, the devastated cities of European Russia are to be rebuilt. That will take plenty of steel, and plenty of labor, energy and raw materials.

No, the chances are that the Russian isn't going to have many bargains, many amenities of life for a good many years to come. A few years hence he should have a somewhat better place to live. He may have a better factory to work in and he may have a better streetcar or bus to take him to and from work. He may have a better train on which to travel.

But living is still going to be tough for the Russian. Prices will be high for many years to come. He will still be waiting in a queue to take advantage of a big price cut which gives him a chance to spend a month's pay for a pair of shoes.

About these things Russia has lowered no iron curtain over her intentions. As a matter of fact, Russia is bragging that she has planned it that way.

THE END

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DEC. 28, 1946

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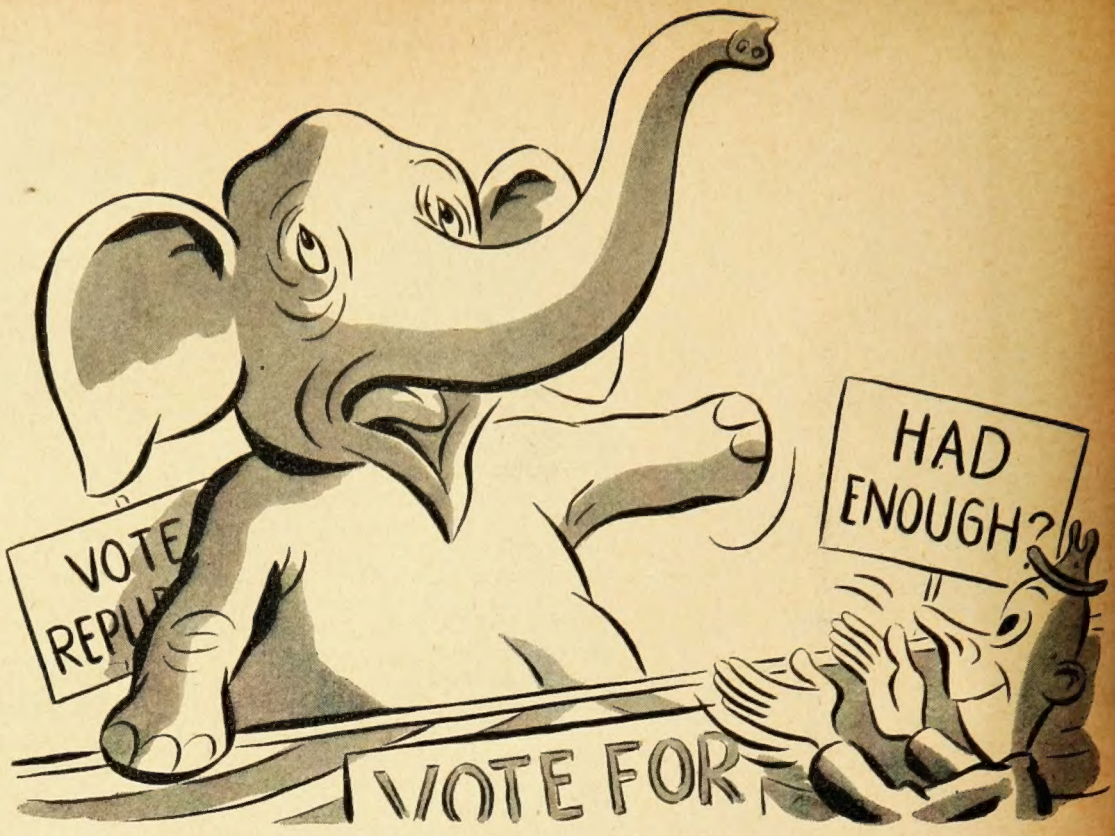

The elephant better not forget.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF VICTORY

AFTER every political campaign which puts a new party in power, there is a period before the victors take over, during which they indulge in a great deal of soul-searching and high-principled resolution. Sometimes these resolves carry over into practice; the high principles are retained and motivate policy. Often they are forgotten and we have more of the political opportunism and petty maneuverings which we voted out of office.

It is to be hoped that when the Republican Congress takes over next month, its members will remember the high resolves made in the first flush of victory. Merely denouncing the Democrats and reversing their policies won't do. Inveighing against the ideas of their erstwhile opponents and castigating them for their numerous violations of basic American principles will not substitute for a workable Republican program.

The recent downfall of the Democrats came about not because they followed policies of regimentation, but because these policies didn't work. Had they worked, had we achieved prompt recovery and an expanding prosperity, the voters of the country would have demanded the retention of OPA, CPA, WSB, and all the rest of the alphabetical hodgepodge which until recently was running much of our activities.

Republican ideas and methods must work; they must produce prosperity and contentment, or else the Republicans, too, will be thrown out when their turn comes. It is not enough to tell the people today that the program is in accordance with time-honored American ideals. The program also must be successful in operation.

Few people, when they vote, do so because of ideology alone. They vote for success. They vote against failure. It may be sad, but it is true that our people, like others, tend to follow a leader and a program that seems successful and of benefit to them. Those who will vote against success because it violates principle are few and far between. Germans were for Hitler as long as his ideas worked. Now they are against him and his ideas. Why? Because he failed and his failure now bears heavily upon them.

America needs a forward-looking program based upon cherished American principles of freedom and opportunity. But it is the responsibility of the Republicans to get one that works. No matter how well it may look on paper or sound from a platform, it will not hold the allegiance of the voters unless it works. If the Republicans fail us, their failure is likely to usher in an era in which free American life as we have known it will disappear forever.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

There's a new ornament on trees this year

Worldwide renown in 87 lands has made a gift of Canadian Club come to mean a rather special "Merry Christmas" in every language.

IT'S bright with promise and burnished with hope. In every home that globe is an eloquent symbol of the new kinship which we have with all the world.

And it's gained such luster because men and women everywhere decided that the spirit which prevails on Christmas is a pretty good idea the year round.

That's a *big* idea, a *high* ideal. So high that we can't expect to achieve it without tensions and the trials of time. But the will is there, the wish closer to fulfillment than it's ever been before!

There's a livelier give and take of opinions among men everywhere. There's good fellowship that in 87 lands so often starts over a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky.

When you stop to think of it, there *must* be something rather special about a whisky that tastes "just right" both to Americans and to men of *every* tongue.

There *is* something rather special about Canadian Club. It is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening... in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

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THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

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HOW TO MAKE THE THREE FEATHERS EGG-NOG . . . For 20 servings, beat, separately, yolks, whites of 6 eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating; ¼ cup sugar to stiff-beaten whites. Mix together with 1 pt. cream; 1 pt. milk, ¾ bottle THREE FEATHERS RESERVE, 6 oz. Rum Carioca (Gold Label, 86 proof). Stir thoroughly, serve very cold, with grated nutmeg. It's delicious!

Blended Whiskey 86 proof, 70% neutral spirits distilled from grain or potatoes. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York